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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Art in a City

The Saturday Review has not been alone in suggesting that city life is one of the dominant forces, if not the dominant, in literature today.

City living means more now than in that pleasant eighteenth century when Addison and Steele wrote themselves Londoners, or in that vaster London of Charlie Lamb who was unhappy when too long out of hearing of Bow Bells. City living is synonymous today with industrialism, with standardization, with the speeding up of experience, with noise, cheap reading, and the mass mind. For those sensitive spirits which make literature it is both a stimulant and an irritant. The great machine may stir or dull them, its noise may shape the rhythms by which they paint or write or compose. And it may and does record for them a new philosophy of discordancy and incoherence.

The modern city has lost all balance and plan, and so (says the modern artist) has the life within it. It is a swarm in a disordered hive, with a serrated roof line symbolically presenting to the heavens the excited confusion beneath. Its government has little relation to its economics, its economics have little relation to the basic desires of its population, its beauties (and they are many) are accidental, its speed is toward uncalculated goals, life within it has sensation without continuity, its best citizens are nervously overstrained, its thought is all expressed in movement, its crowds never move the same way together, it is always in a state of becoming, and while one feels that it may be magnificent when finished, there is scarcely a guess as to what that finish will be like.

A comparison with the criteria of the speculative sciences is pertinent. Matter we know to be in vivid motion, obeying inscrutable laws, and graspable as reality only in a state of constant change. The mind, according to the behaviorists, is only a series of quick movements in muscles and other tissue which are accompanied by sensation and give the illusion of continuous existence. The typical representational art of the moving pictures, an illusion of continuity, is a close parallel.

These interpretations may be true or false, and indeed there is no proof that a large incoherence is the nature of life. No proof is needed for art. It is sufficient that an apparent incoherence in experience is forced upon us who live on the growing edge of the world, the cities, where a mere look down the street is enough to cast doubt upon Thomas Aquinas or render the ordered system of Calvin absurd.

It was different in the earlier cities; it is different in the country. God in his universe, a plan of evolution, a beginning, middle, and end in an orderly book, composition in a picture, the possibility of a disciplined, meaningful life, seem more probable in the midst of nature than in the face of men's achievements. An untouched forest arranges itself with an effect of ordered beauty which, after devastation, not fifty years will restore. A meadow bordered by dogwood gently inclining, shaded by island oaks, touched here, touched there, by the blue of Quaker ladies, run through with violets, is a document in harmony which the mind recognizes with grateful pleasure. Let a tree die and a vine drapes it, cut an entrance to the woods and the leaves will arch it over, the glaciers themselves have swept in broad curves and noble lines over the New England hill tops.

Has this meaning? Is the incoherence of the back yard and the garage front significant? We do not profess philosophy. Perhaps nature reflects only the will-to-harmony of man, and the incoherence of modern life is the clutter of stone about an unfinished pyramid.

But how can you expect the artist to ignore his environment? The strange broken rhythm of Scriabin, repetitive, getting nowhere, is the music of a city; the unbalanced designs of futurists, substituting planes or distortions for the completed round, are city paintings. The experimental novels or experimental verse, in which ideas come by flashes as if sent by a mad signalman who no longer believes in his code, and events are just one sensation after another with no relation except implied futility, is city literature.

The lover of more harmonious times desires to take each industrialized artist by the scruff of his

(*Continued on page 713*)

April

By A. HUGH FISHER

DIM grows the page and shadows lurk
Where women's fingers blindly work.

Outside, the sky in sombre duds
Looms o'er the pear-tree's gleaming buds
As if the day were past.
Our sleek cat trembles in a dream:
The hissing rain comes down at last:
How black the sparrows seem!

So poignant griefs that youth assail
The good great glad world's brightness veil:

Till spreading clouds of inky gloom
With presage of eclipsing doom
As if life's end were near,
Turn to invigorating power
And what had threatened man's whole year
Proves but an April shower.

This Week

"The Old Countess." Reviewed by *Katharine Fullerton Gerould.*

"Love Lies Dreaming." Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*

"Eugenic Reform," "Eugenics and Politics," "Eugenics." Reviewed by *E. W. East.*

"Fine Clothes to the Jew." Reviewed by *Alain Locke.*

"The Journals of Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson." Reviewed by *Alfred de Sauty.*

Leviathan Again: A Letter. By *Capt. David Bone.*

Next Week, or Later

"An American Saga." Reviewed by *E. M. Ravage.*

"Mother and Son." Reviewed by *Ernest Boyd.*

"Mr. Fortune's Maggot." Reviewed by *Christopher Morley.*

The Golden Complex*

By LEE WILSON DODD

TOWARD the close of the eighteenth century's penultimate decade, a vain, buxom, violent, and very angry woman returned from the Continent to England, in what is still sometimes referred to as an interesting condition. She left behind her, Captain John Byron, her husband, a notorious rake, who had just run through the fortune she brought him. This should not much have surprised her since Captain John Byron had served his first wife in precisely the same way; yet her undoubted knowledge of this fact did anything but soothe the present Mrs. Byron's feelings. Money is money, and she was Scotch. . . . She tarried in London only long enough to give birth to a beautiful man-child with a deformed foot. There were those in London, later on, who believed it a cloven foot. When George Gordon Byron was old enough to travel she carried him off with her to "a shabby Scotch flat" in Aberdeen.

It is said that from his father's line the poet inherited "his spirit of adventurous eccentricity." Thanks to Field Marshal Watson and his Behaviorists, hereditary traits are now temporarily out of fashion. The pet see-saw of science is the Heredity-Environment see-saw; and for the moment Environment is up and Heredity is down. Yet there may well be something in the quoted statement, particularly if the influence of his mother's line be added to it. Mrs. Byron's father committed suicide. Mrs. Byron herself, in the word of her volcanic son, was "volcanic." She had crises of fury when she would tear her own dresses and bonnets to pieces; which, in a vain woman, is certainly illogical and probably pathological. As for the father's line, there was old "Foul-weather Jack," the poet's grandfather, who "saw a great deal of hard service," and became a vice-admiral. "He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore," sang Byron, although Foul-weather Jack lay dead before the poet was born. And there was the "wicked Lord Byron," his grand-uncle, still living at God knows what age in his ruinous Newstead Abbey—an outcast. Long, long ago he had killed Mr. Chaworth, his relative, "in a tavern brawl, by candle light," and was tried for it in the House of Lords. A rare old forebear! "A sort of raving and misanthropical maniac," says Taine. Nor must Captain John, the father, be overlooked. "A libertine by choice and in an eminent degree," says a choicely eminent authority. He obtained his first wife by eloping with the wife of Lord Carmarthen. Lord Carmarthen not unnaturally divorced her. Then Captain John married her, ruined her, and buried her; whereupon he married a second heiress, Catherine Gordon of Gight, and ruined her, too, though he did not bury her. He died himself, instead, at Valenciennes—with the unexpected result that his deserted wife,

*"The Golden Complex, a Defence of Inferiority," is an essay on the so-called "Inferiority Complex." Dr. Alfred Adler, of Vienna, is called the "father" of this very popular complex, and it is his contention that it is chiefly responsible for the production of our artists, our pietists, our neurotics, and our criminals. Therefore, it is Mr. Dodd's contention that it is of the greatest value to the race, and should be safeguarded and preserved for the benefit of our children's children.

Because of its racial beneficence, Mr. Dodd names it "The Golden Complex," and in the course of his essay he illustrates its beneficence by sketching its creative influence upon the lives and works of such men of genius as Cain, Lord Byron, St. Francis of Asissi, and others.

The following excerpt from the book by Mr. Dodd shortly to be published by the John Day Company, considers Lord Byron as a supreme example of the beneficent workings of "The Golden Complex."]

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Catherine, "almost lost her reason, and her cries were heard in the street." But Catherine's undisciplined outcries were constantly being heard. She had a pleasant way of hurling the fire-shovel at the "lame brat," her son, to whom she was passionately devoted. When he fled her, she pursued. "Now to encounter my Hydra," the boy writes in an early letter.

In Scotland this lame boy with the beautiful eyes and curls got his first schooling and all those early impressions which—as both the psychoanalysts and the behaviorists ask us to believe—give the final set to encounter my Hydra," the boy writes in an early says good Dr. Adler, "can be traced back to an origin in childhood. In the nursery are formed and child is father to the man," said Wordsworth, more simply, and somewhat in advance of these discoveries. So it must have been in Scotland, with its cold choking mists that young Byron felt a dark cloud of Inferio[illegible] closing in upon him. And small wonder!

Cor[illegible]he poor child's situation. A strong your[illegible] a glorious curly head, the finest eyes in[illegible]nd a congenital limp. That is to [illegible]anic defect which he could not even [illegible]om the world. If you suppose such [illegible]o not darken existence for a child, you are [illegible]d callously optimistic. Let me remind you of former Kaiser's withered arm—the most dangerous deformity ever visited upon European civilization. "They shall feel," said Wilhelm to himself, "that I am not a weakling!" Let me remind you of the late Theodore Roosevelt's rickety body—as a child. "They shall feel," said Theodore to himself, "that I am not a weakling!" And the consequences? A Shining Sabre—a Big Stick. As for George Gordon Byron, his lame foot made him a tireless athlete and redoubled his courage. He became a master horseman, a dead shot, the best swimmer in England. When, on his first travels, he reaches the Hellespont, he must at once match himself with the fame of Leander. "This morning," he writes to a friend, underscoring the triumphant words, "I *swam Sestos* to *Abydos*." He writes the same news mother, and in a second letter to her repeats lad he been living today, he would infallibly breasted the English Channel.

t all this, you exclaim, is glorious—that a dehould become a spur to ambition! Ah—wait a little; not so fast. . . . Life is not so simple as that; and we are leaping ahead. We must return now to the lame boy in Scotland.

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On both sides of the family he was of aristocratic lineage, yet the family lines were disintegrating, breaking off into eccentricity, profligacy, or even madness. His impossible father had dissipated his impossible mother's fortune. She could make no pretensions now to worldly grandeur; and Byron's later reference to the "shabby Scotch flat" is illuminating. It may well have been a very comfortable Scotch flat, for Mrs. Byron had saved £3,000 from the wreck of her estate and she was always a thrifty manager. But that is not the point. The point is that it seemed mean and shabby to volcanic Mrs. Byron—formerly of "Gight House,"—and that she must frequently and volcanically have expressed detestation and shame of it to her impressionable son. Mrs. Byron had seen better days, and a volcanic woman who has seen better days is apt to be voluble. She had no one to erupt to, or over, but her darling "lame brat," whom she alternately petted and persecuted. For he was her idol, after all, the one hope of her future. It was even just possible that he might some day become the sixth Baron Byron. So she bullied and mistreated him and smothered him with ferocious tenderness, spoiled him, and tried to dominate him; but she never neglected him. That was the worst of it! He was the center of her life. She sent him to the grammar school in Aberdeen, where he received a thorough grounding, for Scotch education is thorough. She sent him, summers, to a farm on Deeside, where he persistently limped over the hills, gaining strength and activity in spite of his handicap; drinking in, too, a love of wild mountain and glen, and of strong primitive folks, which was never to leave him. The lame brat became a hardy brat; so far as the endurance of dirt and discomfort was concerned, a little Scotch Spartan. The ice of Albanian mountains and the lice of Albanian taverns held no terrors for him later on. It was he, then, who ministered to his suffering valet, not his valet who cared for him. "Fletcher is a poor creature and requires comforts that I can dispense with. . . . I have not been disappointed or disgusted . . . I have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cow-house. . . ." Byron was always a Scotch poet at heart. He knew his Bible line for line. He was a Calvinist to the end of his lonely, tortured days—in the land of Nod.

For to that unreal land, that land of "distance" and "escape," his whole boyhood situation, his whole early training, drove him. No wonder he never won free from Calvinism, who—looking back on his life—could have read in it only the pitiless march of Fate, and could have seen himself only as a predestined Cain.

Picture that boy once more. Beautiful—and maimed. Grounded and confirmed in pride of race by his mother, while constantly harried and humiliated by her. By a woman! Ah—that is important, that is extremely important. There was a woman nurse, too, who was cruel to him. Another female to overcome! What good Dr. Adler calls the Masculine Protest must swiftly have been awakened in him. It is only awakened in girls (oddly), or in girlish boys, hyper-sensitive boys, inclined to neurosis, who crave cuddling, sheltering, affection—but who crave even more the affirmation of their Egos, the goal of Superiority, and thus—at war with themselves—*violently react against their own sneaking feminine weakness.* In this way, says Dr. Adler, "active strivings, both in the case of a girl as of a boy, the pursuit of self-gratification, the stirring up of instincts and passions are thrown challengingly forward as a masculine protest." Maleness, for a child, he adds, means "strength, greatness, riches, knowledge, victory, coarseness, cruelty, violence, and activity as such." Beware, therefore, of a girl or boy in whom a feeling of inferiority has awakened an "unconscious urge toward a reinforced masculine protest!" Such youngsters are dangerous. "They are always suspecting attacks, belittlement, injustice; trying desperately to play the rôle of a saviour and hero, not infrequently exerting their powers upon unsuitable objects. (Don Quixotism.) Insatiable and lusting after the semblance of power, they demand proofs of love without ever feeling satisfied. (Don Juan; Messalina.) They never attain to any harmony in their Hero; and, above all—unique.

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A cousin died conveniently in Corsica, the half-crazed grand-uncle died at last, and at ten years, George Gordon Byron became Lord Byron, fled from the shabby Scotch flat and went to live on his ancestral estate in his ancestral Abbey—a picturesque ruin. Greatness at last? Inferiority safely behind him, once for all? Listen to the lad:

Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay. . . .
Of the mail-cover'd barons who, proudly, to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

Those lines were written at fifteen. Listen again:

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Yet, he prefers thee to the gilded domes,
Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great. . . .

Hours splendid as the past may still be thine. . . .

Pessimism, jealousy, ambition! Pride, envy, discouragement—the Impossible Goal! Listen, once more:

My epitaph shall be my name alone.

He was right. The Golden Complex, you see, was driving him inward and apart. If he could not conquer Reality on its own terms, he could at least elude it and so the more gloriously (because the more egotistically) overcome it. In all the world, he now felt, nobody understood him, and there was to be nobody like him. He might live to be adored and flattered, or to be hated and feared—a Saviour or an Outcast. But in either case—a Hero, and above all—unique.

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[illegible]nate of body," he said, and he was [illegible]we may agree to call love; but no [illegible]r have held him long, for love to [illegible]very, and his "reinforced masculin[illegible]le restraint. "All through his life, [illegible]st Hartley Coleridge, writing excel[illegible]is before it was heard of in England, "as a child and youth and man, his one aim and endeavor was the subjection of other people's wishes to his own. He would subject even fate if he could." So to women everywhere he was fascination—a perpetual challenge; they ached to subdue him. It was impossible. But it will not do to say the profligacy was in his blood. It was in his brain; stamped there from babyhood by the domineering violence of his mother. It was not a conscious motive in him, nevertheless he was revenging himself upon his mother all his life. Upon his mother—and also upon a cynical if hypocritical society, which, first, had fawned upon him and then, frightened, had cast him out. The debauchery in Venice was his answer, though it was not enough. Manfred—Beppo—Cain—Don Juan were further, culminating answers, which did veritably sear themselves through the minds and nerves of a whole generation. We have not been the same since Byron. In a sense, the Victorian reaction to conformity and strict outward decency was a convulsive protest against him. England had peeped into the Soul of Man, that Abyss, and was shuddering back from it, afraid. . . . Ah, well, of late years we too have stared, long and fascinated, into that Abyss, and once more, one feels, we begin to tremble a little and shudder back. . . . Egotism run amok is very terrible—and very salutary, from time to time. It cracks life to its foundations, explodes the illusions and satisfactions, the cruelties and stupidities of the herd. It flings forward again every awkward, avoided question and forces fresh attempts to answer them. The pitched eternal battle of Lucifer with God grows active once more. If we are saved from stagnation and whipped onward to new audacities and new solutions, we must never be ungrateful to the Golden Complex and the great unhappy race of Cain.

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Do you happen to remember Byron's "Cain"—? Have you ever read "Cain; a Mystery"—? Your reply will depend upon your birth-date; but the probabilities are that you have not. It is inscribed (with a secret malice?) to Sir Walter Scott, Bart., and upon its title page is written: "Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." Also in the Preface it is written: "With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness." Verily, verily, the serpent is more subtile than any beast of the field!

And this much is certain. If you will glance through Byron's "Cain" with me, giving the quoted fragments a little attention, you will find it unnecessary to read the far less eloquent and amusing pages of good Dr. Adler. Byron was a great poet, and the great poets are always our best psychologists. True, there was only one human type Byron was interested in and thoroughly understood; namely, his own. But he had read himself to the bottom, and in spite of his amazing genius he is a pure example of his type. Byron is Lucifer and Cain. When I quote from either of them it is Byron speaking.

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The drama opens with Adam, Eve, Abel, Adah, and Zillah, who are offering a Sacrifice. Cain is standing apart.

ADAM
But thou, my eldest-born, art silent still.
CAIN
I have nought to ask.
ADAM
Nor aught to thank for?
CAIN
No.
ADAM
Dost thou not live?
CAIN
Must I not die?

So, presently, Cain is left alone.

CAIN
My father could not keep his place in Eden . . .
The tree was planted, and why not for him?
If not, why place him near it—? . . .
I judge but by the fruits—and they are bitter—
Which I must feed on for a fault not mine . . .
I sought not to be born . . .

We are not surprised, then, to see Lucifer enter; although, after he has entered, it is a little difficult at times to tell Lucifer and Cain apart. On the

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whole, Cain seems rather more the pungent rebel of the two; as witness the following—

CAIN

I never
As yet have bow'd unto my father's God,
Why should I bow to thee?

LUCIFER

Hast thou ne'er bow'd
To him?

CAIN

Have I not said it?—need I say it?
Could not thy mighty knowledge teach thee that?

LUCIFER

He who bows not to him has bow'd to me!

CAIN

But I will bend to neither.

Somewhat later, Lucifer takes Cain on a little journey through "The Abyss of Space." Cain is distinctly impressed by what he sees, but not in the least daunted, although Lucifer puts to him the following subtle question:

And if there should be
Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited
By greater things . . .
All living, and all doom'd to death, and wretched,
What wouldst thou think?

Cain's reply is magnificent: "I should be proud of thought which knew such things."

And again Lucifer puts him a searching question:

I am angelic: wouldst thou be as I am?

Whereupon Cain expresses the entire irony of the Golden Complex in ringing lines:

I know not what thou art: I see thy power,
And see thou show'st me things beyond my power
Although inferior still to my desires
And my conceptions.

We are not surprised, then, that even Lucifer is a little shocked and exclaims, "Dust! limit thy ambition—!" Yet, when he has recovered his equanimity, Lucifer proves at once that he is no stranger to the operations of the Golden Complex—which is perhaps, indeed, Lucifer's supreme invention. "Think and endure," he advises Cain:

and form an inner world
In your own bosom—where the outward falls.

And, finally, after Lucifer has successfully worked upon Cain, arousing his jealousy of Abel until Cain strikes his brother down at the altar, we shall see Byron understanding that the compensations of the Golden Complex yet remain to him. For when the angel sets the mark on Cain's brow, Cain observes simply:

It burns
My brow, but nought to that which is within it.

While, later, hearing his little son cry out, he exclaims:

Ah! little knows he what he weeps for!
And I who have shed blood cannot shed tears! . . .

Eastward from Eden will we take our way;
'Tis the most desolate. . . .

The most desolate, the most withdrawn from his fellows,, but—his own way. Unique!

Nothing could be prettier. Surely I have demonstrated to the satisfaction of all reasonable men that Cain and Byron were the victims of (or, if you prefer, the fortunate possessors of) a deeply rooted Inferiority Complex.

There is, however, a very charming but unreasonable woman who tells me I have demonstrated nothing of the kind. "You have proved," she insists, "precisely *nothing*. Being a literary man, you've simply been indulging yourself in the natural but vicious product of your own mind."

"And what, pray, is the natural if vicious product of your servant's mind?"

"Literary psychology!"

The sixty year old mystery of Nathaniel Hawthorne's connection with the "papers of an old Dartmoor prisoner," now published in book form by Funk & Wagnalls as "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer," has been solved with discovery that the author was Benjamin Frederick Browne, an apothecary of Salem, Mass.

The book was described as a true narrative of Browne's youthful experiences as a prisoner during the war of 1812. He was born in Salem in 1793 and while acting as clerk to the captain of the privateering schooner *Frolic* in 1814 was taken prisoner with the crew by the British warship *Heron*, held for six months in Barbados and then taken to Dartmoor prison in England. He was a neighbor of Hawthorne and the "papers" first appeared serially in the *Democratic Review* of 1846, with Hawthorne as editor. The author's name remained a secret.

A Distinguished Novel

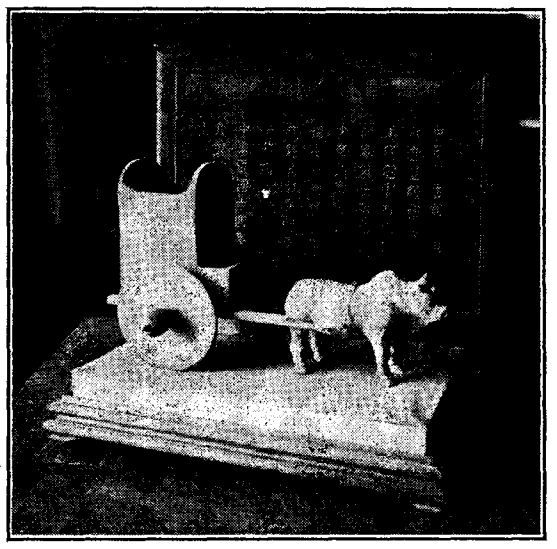
THE OLD COUNTESS. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THAT Mrs. de Sélincourt is one of America's most distinguished novelists is an opinion which will be challenged, one fancies, by few responsible critics. She is, however, an American novelist who has forsaken the American scene and—except for "Adrienne Toner"—the American character. Both Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Sélincourt have been to some extent pupils and inheritors of Henry James; though Anne Douglas Sedgwick derives from him more clearly than her sister novelist. Mrs. Wharton, of the two, is more amused by the mundane spectacle, by fashions in men and women, by social whims, by the concreter comedies of life. Her realism is saltier, and she is warier than of old, of states of soul. Mrs. Sélincourt still deals in the "Jacobite" imponderables, and runs more risk than Mrs. Wharton ever will of stretching the tenuous to breaking-point.

"The Little French Girl," was, one may reasonably state, very nearly, if not quite, a masterpiece. Certainly no novel of American authorship published within the last ten years approaches it in quality and poignancy. I forget neither Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence" nor Mr. Hergesheimer's "Balisand." It had nothing of America in it, yet an American, reading it, felt himself naturally allied with Giles and his mother, a member of their clan. That was, doubtless, because the author probed so deep into racial hearts. The Atlantic Ocean seemed not to count; it was the Channel that was the sundering sea. England and America were on the same side of that bitter gulf.

The same contrasts preoccupy the author in this,



Earthenware statue of Chinese bullock and book-cart sent by the Library Association of China to the American Library Association.

her latest novel. Jill Graham, meeting her husband in a verbal conflict as profound as it is tender, draws for us again the distinction between British and French conceptions of the unique alliance which is marriage; points for us again the moral that the wisdom of the heart—that high-bred naïveté—is capable of holding its own against the wearier knowledge, the more cerebral and complicated tolerance, which Continentals appear to inherit naturally. Mrs. de Sélincourt keeps reminding us that French and English look at sex, and all its consequences, with different eyes.

No conscientious reviewer ever gives away the plot of a book he wishes people to read. Scenarios are for the books not worth reading. There shall be no scenario of "The Old Countess." However one may come to feel about the characters, about the tangled interrelations of the four people who find their fates on the banks of the Dordogne, the book is pure pleasure to read, for the clear significance, the deep discretion, of its manner. Never was the potentially scabrous actually less so. Mrs. de Sélincourt, like the novelists who are still under thirty, is afraid of nothing; but, unlike them, she contents herself with suggesting physical appeals and responses—perhaps because she writes not for an adolescent but for an adult audience, whose experience would be insulted by catalogued information. "The Old Countess" is impressive, literally memorable, for its declaration of beauty, its hint of menace. From the first pages, you know that these people are to be caught in no common doom. The "menacing sky" will menace to the end, and, to the end, beauty will grapple with terror. Interest, fear, and sympathy are engaged at the very start. The commonest failure in fiction is the failure to create in the wise reader any real concern with what happens to the characters. Too many contemporary heroes and heroines are stuff of biology or sociology, perhaps, but not in the least stuff of drama. Here, the drama begins with the first page and moves to the last. A very distinguished writer, Mrs. de Sélincourt.

Are you, in the end, purged by the pity and fear that have been communicated to you in such generous measure? After the thrilling experience is over, do you feel that you have lived those lives and died those deaths? Yes—and no; or so one honest reviewer must answer. The creatures of French tradition, who moved so surely and revealingly through the pages of "The Little French Girl" become, I think, too "special," here. Even in France, even in free-thinking France, withered and moribund women of eighty cannot be given to falling in love (at first sight) with young men, in the most carnal and desperate sense. I find it hard to believe in the countess's Cinquecento passions and Cinquecento tricks. Merely to call her French is not enough: even the French, remarkable as they are, have arteries that harden. As for Marthe—it took sorcery to evoke her; and up to a certain point, the sorcery works. It fails to work, with me, when I am required to believe in her effect on Jill. Quite definitely, there, I step outside the magic pentagram the author has drawn around her group of readers. Jill being what she is—and admirably clear is Jill—I do not believe it. Single loyalties do not, even in the tenderest heart, so quickly become double. I am not impatient of Marthe: merely, I feel that her power, which is all beneficent and unconscious, never cultivated or sinister, would not have worked, as the author describes its working, on Jill herself, fortified against it by another worship. There was not room for so much Marthe in a heart overflowingly full of Dick. We are supposed, I think, to discredit the world, there on the banks of the Dordogne, with the involved four. But where the flesh and the devil are, the world will be; and the l itself provides a check on too much mysticism. is not a humanitarian allegory, or a saint's leg it is a novel. The old countess is there to prov Reading a novel, we are not at our devotions. assumptions are different.

A place, at all events, has been invoked; the scene of some such drama, if not at all points this very one. Things happened in Buissac. To remember "The Old Countess" is to remember history—and that is the test of first-rate fiction. The details of that drama are a little blurred, perhaps; we are not quite sure that we recall accurately; what we remember is not absolutely plausible. But no one invented it wholly; a drama of sorts, involving such individuals, did occur. And that, as I say, is the test. No patriotic person of taste can afford to miss "The Old Countess," for few American writers are in Mrs. de Sélincourt's class.

A Sign of the Times

LOVE LIES DREAMING. By C. S. FORESTER. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THIS is an amusing and entertaining story, but it is also a sign of the times. Certain qualities lately exiled from literature, banned with all the bells, books, and candles of the priesthood of the new Enlightenment, are coming back; and a large block of readers are ready to give them the keys of the city. Mr. Warwick Deeping has reintroduced viscera into the novel; now Mr. C. S. Forester reintroduces delicacy.

Not, of course, what our pious ancestors would have called delicacy; this is a sex novel. But—let the avenging falchion of John S. Sumner be stayed in midair—Mr. Forester agrees with Mr. Arthur Guiterman's doctrine that sex's place is in the home. He writes a story of married love, with married quarrels and a very ordinary, unspectacular, and veracious kind of married jealousy to provide the element of conflict. The Church of England, to which Mr. Forester presumably belongs, ought to give him a D.D. for this tract in advertisement of the joys of holy matrimony. That divinely instituted body defines marriage as a device for the avoidance of those deplorable misbehaviors that fill up the bulk of contemporary novels. Mr. Forester makes that avoidance a mere matter of common sense by indicating that illicit raptures have nothing

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like the flavor, or the kick, of the old pre-war aged-in-the-wood connubial bliss.

His structure is the simplest possible. The rift between the narrator and his Constance begins on the fourth page, over so small a matter as the discharge of the scrubwoman; and from there on it gradually broadens and deepens till it is closed again in the triumphant climactic reunion. In a novel of this sort, the reunion is to be anticipated; but Mr. Forester is astute enough to attach a time fuse to his high explosive and defer the detonation, with consequent heightening of expectancy not only in the narrator but in the reader.

One might have supposed that this sense of the value of tension and referred expectancy had been utterly lost of late years. Most contemporary writers go at such matters in a brusk, impatient go-on-and-get-it-over spirit. It may be argued that to linger with Mr. Forester's relish over a dénoûement visibly approaching requires a certain sentimentality, a capacity for deliberate make-believe; and that the restless precipitance of the average modern novel is truer to life. But it can be maintained in rebuttal that Life is an untrustworthy wench and that there is no particular point in being true to her. And certainly the Forester method satisfied an instinct for workmanlike thoroughness and utilization of all the by-products which must exist in a good many readers. His Constance is like a preferred stock, for a time unprofitable, which suddenly pays up in a rush all the accumulated dividends long overdue.

Not that the déoûement is too inevitable; there is a villain. Not a regular villain, but a homely realistic one—Constance's ex-fiancé, who to the eye of Constance's husband is only one of those egregious bounders for whom the women one likes have such an inexplicable and incurable fondness. A little of him is enough; but Mr. Forester has the moderation to stop there, and the dexterity to employ this villain as the detonator of his surprise ending.

An old-fashioned book, in a sense; in its rather deliberate movement, its frank sentimentality—but not old-fashioned in its delicacy. Consider the chapter in which the author indulges in reminiscence of the honeymoon. Here is delicacy in matters which the old-fashioned writer would simply have skipped over. In what is known as candor it falls little short of Frank Elser or William C. Bullitt; but the difference in approach is fundamental, and to a good many readers the Forester method may seem preferable.

For a book of three hundred pages the material is a little tenuous, so it has been stuffed out here and there with interpolations which sound like short stories reprinted from the London magazines; and in one case, the episode of the scantily clad ladies on a desert island, like a short story which no magazine would buy. This is a weak spot; but it is counterbalanced by the story of Bisgood the novelist, whose fiancée decided that she would write a novel too. Here in a dozen pages you will find more sound sense about the art of the fiction writer, and the incalculable eccentricities of the fiction reader, than is contained in a good many ponderous volumes on esthetics and technique. Deplorably unorthodox, to be sure; but more deplorably true.

Eugenic Thought

EUGENIC REFORM. By LEONARD DARWIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $4.
EUGENICS AND POLITICS. By F. C. S. SHILLER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $2.50.
EUGENICS. By A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS. New York: Henry Holt. 1926. $1.

Reviewed by E. W. EAST
Harvard University

IN Havelock Ellis's study of British genius, the fact stands out in striking relief that the prerequisite of greatness is a good heredity. The man with relatives achieving distinction is much more likely to amount to something himself. The evidence is voluminous, but none more significant than the family tree of Charles Darwin. Numbered among the thousand most brilliant figures of British history, there were, besides himself, his paternal grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, his maternal grandfather, Josiah Wedgewood, and his first cousin, Francis Galton. Thus Galton was an impressive example in the flesh of the operation of genetic laws. It is not strange, therefore, that he should have initiated the study of the application of genetic laws to human society, the study of eugenics.

Is it a coincidence, or should it have been expected that Leonard Darwin should give to the world a brilliant, interesting, and scholarly volume showing how the life work of his father and his uncle can be of service to mankind? It is a philosophical exposition of the subject with a minimum of technical detail and statistical analysis, yet it is eminently practical. It gives, in fact, precisely the outlook to social reform which would be anticipated from an experienced man of the world who had a speaking acquaintance with the facts of modern biology.

Major Darwin has long been the president of the Eugenics Education Society of England, and one suspects that he has had a good deal to do with editing its official organ, *The Eugenics Review*, though he does not publicly admit it. At any rate, he is thoroughly conversant with the immense amount of published matter on race betterment that has appeared during the past twenty years in England and the United States. He does neglect the German work somewhat, but that is perhaps to be expected.

The book is to be recommended enthusiastically to physicians and to social workers. It gives a new orientation to their problems. Its most direct appeal, however, is to the legislator. If our lawmakers in Washington and in every one of our forty-eight state capitols were required to read it, perhaps a little more solid good sense would be used in dealing with such problems as illiteracy, crime, pauperism, public health, immigration, and what not. Instantaneous solution of these problems would not be possible because of the perusal of a book on eugenics, however well written; but there would be a scientific approach that is now absent.

Jacob Riis once strode on the platform at a public meeting with the shout: "Heredity! Heredity! The word has been dinned into my ears until I am sick of it!" It was the reaction of an ignorant idealist who thought that all social problems must be solved by the emotions. It didn't occur to him that man had a highly developed central nervous system, a modicum of brains, and might perhaps plan his affairs somewhat differently than does the cat or the monkey.

Schiller's work is a little further removed from the exigencies of everyday life. He is eminently the philosopher. Still, it is refreshing to hear a philosopher talking of things that might be made practical.

A smaller book giving more of the genetic basis upon which eugenics must be built is that of Carr-Saunders. The author is a thoroughly sound scientist, numbering among his literary children the standard work on Population. Neither specialist nor layman can find much to criticize in what he has to say.

Common Clay and Poetry

FINE CLOTHES TO THE JEW. By LANGSTON HUGHES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ALAIN LOCKE

FINE clothes may not make either the poet or the gentleman, but they certainly help; and it is a rare genius that can strip life to the buff and still poetize it. This, however, Langston Hughes has done, in a volume that is even more starkly realistic and colloquial than his first,—"The Weary Blues." It is a current ambition in American poetry to take the common clay of life and fashion it to living beauty, but very few have succeeded, even Masters and Sandburg not invariably. They get their effects, but often at the expense of poetry. Here, on the contrary, there is scarcely a prosaic note or a spiritual sag in spite of the fact that never has cruder colloquialism or more sordid life been put into the substance of poetry. The book is, therefore, notable as an achievement in poetic realism in addition to its particular value as a folk study in verse of Negro life.

The success of these poems owes much to the clever and apt device of taking folk-song forms and idioms as the mold into which the life of the plain people is descriptively poured. This gives not only an authentic background and the impression that it is the people themselves speaking, but the sordidness of common life is caught up in the lilt of its own poetry and without any sentimental propping attains something of the necessary elevation of art. Many of the poems are modelled in the exact metrical form of the Negro "Blues," now so suddenly popular, and in thought and style of expression are so close as scarcely to be distinguishable from the popular variety. But these poems are not transcriptions, every now and then one catches sight of the deft poetic touch that unostentatiously transforms them into folk portraits. In the rambling improvised stanzas of folk-song, there is invariably much that is inconsistent with the dominant mood; and seldom any dramatic coherence. Here we have these necessary art ingredients ingenuously added to material of real folk flavor and origin. "Gal's Cry for a Dying Lover" is an excellent example:

Heard de owl a hootin',
Knowed somebody's bout to die.
Heard de owl a hootin',
Knowed somebody's 'bout to die.
Put ma head un'neath de kiver,
Started in to moan and cry.

Hound dawg's barkin'
Means he's gonna leave dis world.
Hound dawg's barkin'
Means he's gonna leave dis world.
O, Lawd have mercy
On a po' black girl.

Black an' ugly
But he sho do treat me kind.
I'm black an' ugly
But he sho do treat me kind.
High-in-heaben Jesus,
Please don't take this man o' mine.

After so much dead anatomy of a people's superstition and so much sentimental balladizing on dialect chromatics, such vivid, pulsing, creative portraits of Negro folk foibles and moods are most welcome. The author apparently loves the plain people in every aspect of their lives, their gin-drinking carousals, their street brawls, their tenement publicity, and their slum matings and partings, and reveals this segment of Negro life as it has never been shown before. Its open frankness will be a shock and a snare for the critic and moralist who cannot distinguish clay from mire. The poet has himself said elsewhere,—"The 'low-down' Negroes furnish a wealth of colorful, distinctive material for any artist, because they hold their individuality in the face of American standardizations. And perhaps these common people will give to the world its truly great Negro artist, the one who is not afraid to be himself." And as one watches Langston Hughes's own career, one wonders.

The dominant mood of this volume is the characteristic "Blue's emotion,"—the crying laugh that "eases its misery" in song and self pity. However, there are poems of other than the folk character in the book,—none more notable than "The Mulatto,"—too long to quote, even though it is a lyric condensation of the deepest tragedy of the race problem. One that is just as pregnant with social as well as individual tragedy can serve as a brief sample of this side of younger Negro genius for tragic vision and utterance:

SONG FOR A DARK GIRL
Way Down South in Dixie
(Break the heart of me)
They hung my black young lover
To a cross roads tree.

Way Down South in Dixie
(Bruised body high in air)
I asked the white Lord Jesus
What was the use of prayer.

Way Down South in Dixie
(Break the heart of me)
Love is a naked shadow
On a gnarled and naked tree.

After this there is nothing to be said about the finest tragedy having always to be Greek.

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A Dreamer's Journal

THE JOURNALS OF THOMAS JAMES COBDEN-SANDERSON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $25.

Reviewed by ALFRED DE SAUTY

"LA vie contemplative est la vie pour mois je le crois" seems to epitomize the writer of these memoirs and one can almost visualize him seated, dressed in monk's garb, in some quiet scriptorium in medieval days rather than as an individual living in the twentieth century.

Living, as we do, in an age of bustle and noise, it is difficult at first to attune one's mind to the pervading atmosphere of these two volumes, an atmosphere redolent of peace. Cobden-Sanderson, the dreamer, rather than Cobden-Sanderson, the craftsman, dominates them from the beginning to the end. That his dreams were sincere is evident and the supreme dignity of his journals more than compensates for the very human frailties he discloses here and there.

Here we have love letters written but never sent, intimate thoughts on his past, present, and future life, intermingled with much that is interesting in the way of glimpses of many of his contemporaries. On friendly terms, as he was, with many women and men who were outstanding figures in the literary and artistic circles of his day, these glimpses are all too short.

* * *

A lawyer by profession in his earlier manhood, his practice seems to have brought him but little pleasure or profit, and it is difficult to conceive a man of his character ever being successfully engaged in such a profession. Groping always, groping as it were in the dark towards an outlet for the creative and idealistic side of his nature, his fortunate decision to adopt a handicraft came as a result of a chance suggestion made by Mrs. William Morris when supping at William Richmond's house.

"I was talking to Mrs. Morris after supper, and saying how anxious I was to use my hands—." "Then why don't you learn bookbinding?" she said. "That would add an Art to our little community, and we would work together. I should like," she continued, "to do some little embroideries for books, and I would do some for you." "Shall bookbinding, then, be my trade?"

Two days later finds him arranging for lessons in bookbinding as a result of this fortunate suggestion, fortunate in that it gave to the world a master craftsman of high ideals and coming at a time when the crafts generally, and that of bookbinding in particular, had fallen to a very low ebb. The concentration necessary in acquiring such a highly detailed craft as bookbinding the application of high ideals, and the raising of it to a very high level are all reflected in many of the entries of this period, and he says: "Is not this world new to me again from this day?"

* * *

To the amateur bibliopegist his early efforts in binding and the difficulties of the beginner cannot but be of interest, for there are few crafts where such close attention to small details is so necessary. Step by step, sometimes falteringly, sometimes too boldly, he achieved a high skill of hand, and left a lasting mark on the pages of the history of bookbinding, and he has fittingly been referred to as "the father of English binding" of the period. In design he brought not only new thought and treatment, but created a stimulus strongly marked in the revival of interest in and the production of fine bindings.

From the fine binding of books to the printing of fine books seems but a logical step, and the second volume (1900-1922) deals considerably with the Doves Press from its birth in 1900 to its final dissolution in 1916 when the type was finally disposed of. Its disposal was characteristic of the man who regarded nothing as final, and was achieved by the simple but regrettable method of throwing it over the Hammersmith Bridge stealthily at night into the Thames; this in his seventy-sixth year!

As with binding, so with his printing; simplicity combined with a sincere regard for the limitations of both crafts resulted in a series of books now world famous. His attitude towards simplicity may be conveyed by the story of his reply to a client who protested that his prices were high considering the small amount of decoration: "You are paying for reticence."

The BOWLING GREEN

Three Old-Fashioned

WHAT I always like about this place
(Said Toulemonde) is the array of tumblers
Standing on the shelf behind the bar,
All foundationed for Old-Fashioned cocktails;
Each with its orange slices and its cherry,
Pretty as an armada of old Spain.
Well, boys, this should be helpful for what ails you—
(If anything ails you: how am I to know?)

If anything ails us, they replied in duo,
And we're not saying if it does or no,
But if it should, this will be good for it.

I woke, he said, that morning, very tranquil.
With my first conscious breath there was a lightness,
A feeling that whatever weights had tilted
The tender scales of balance in my soul
Were counterpoised with little grams of laughter.
Sure and easy on that hinge of Time
I teetered in an equilibrium
And felt that some day I might still be merry—
Mind you, this needs careful explanation—

Sure, sure, this needs most careful explanation,
They chimed in chorus; and each one's bright eyes
Showed that he too was eager to explain.
He looked at them, a bit suspiciously,
Deciding to abbreviate the tale.

I mean to say (so he abridged his matter)
The beauty and the essence were still there,
But untormented. I was not afraid.
I well remember how I lay abed
Moveless in every muscle, full aware
Of every peace and sweetness man can know.
There's no great harm in getting used to silence:
We'll all have plenty of it in the end.
There was a golden taste that country morning;
A smell of cedars; crocuses were out.

He's got a table for three, one of them said.
Bring your glasses with you.—Yes, I know
Exactly how you felt. One day in London
In the fall of Nineteen Twenty-One—
But never mind. Go ahead, Toulemonde.

Oh tender, tender was the air that morning!
Quietly my pulse and nerves were different,
Life wasn't something always waited for,
This *was* Life; life itself, right here, right now,
And all incredible and natural things
I've ever known, were active in my mind
And I could see this comedy of earth
(Which sometimes seems adapted from the French
By a shrewd but not too skilled translator)
Premeditated to some *Tout s'arrange*.
And at that very moment, heaven help us,
A friend of mine chooses that day to send me
A beautiful and very special copy
Of Ronsard's poems—*La Muse de Ronsard*.
Ronsard, whom I thought I had forgotten
Since I was a boy at Fontainebleau—
Ronsard of the Odes and Odelettes,
Ronsard with his "longues nuicts d'hyver,"
His April seasons and his matchless sonnets
(Into the woods then with his girls and salads.)
Unhappy lovers always should be Frenchmen,
So sweet a tongue for any kind of pain!
That douce old French, so simple, sad, and honest,
Four hundred years adrift on April air,
Light as those cherry petals by the Loing
Along the woody skirts of Fontainebleau.
And all those little laughters, lusts and lyrics—
Waiter! another round of the Old-Fashioned.

Maybe you don't get the flavor of old French;
Or worse, much worse, maybe you've never known
Someone you wanted to address like this:—

> Le soir qu'Amour vous fist en la salle descendre
> Pour danser d'artifice un beau ballet d'Amour,
> Vos yeux, bien qu'il fust nuict, ramenèrent le jour,
> Tant ils sceurent d'esclairs par la place respandre.

Or this, which so many have imitated:—

> Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, a la chandelle,
> Assise aupres du feu, devidant et filant,
> Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant:
> "Ronsard me celebroit, du temps que j'estois belle!"

Or this, my boys (with a lively guttural
And plenty of rich cadence, he declaimed:—)

> Ostez vostre beauté, ostez vostre jeunesse,
> Ostez ces rares dons que vous tenez des cieux,
> Ostez ce docte esprit, ostez moy ces beaux yeus,
> Cet aller, ce parler digne d'une Deesse.

What's that "ostez" mean? I don't quite get that.

Ostez? Same as ôter. Take away.
But what d'you think of a man who sends you Ronsard
Just when you thought you'd found a little ease?
So I fell back into my pearly grievance,
My lovely horror and my dumb distress.
Tonight I'll hear the whistle of the frogs,
The nightingales of our Long Island swamps.
I'll hear them flute their truisms, and have nothing,
Nothing at all, to contradict them with.
I'm done for. Yes, I'm low, boys, very low.

Say, when I was in Paris in Nineteen . . .
You talk of being low: look, here's a graph,
I'll draw it on the tablecloth, like this:
That's where I was in Nineteen; at the bottom;
Shot up like this, toward the spring of Twenty;
Then another gulf, I went down, down,
Clean off the table; but I've got it figured,
I'm coming back; not counting little zigzags,
The general trend is up; I look to be
Back close to normal, spring of Twenty Eight.
Waiter! This round's on me, then I must go.

Forgive me, Ronsard, if I had forgotten
Your power on the heart. Come with me now,
I know a place where sunshine warms the ced
A ring of white oaks, twisted by the wind,
Leans above stony beach. In juniper air
Clean with all northern savors, we'll confide
Some tender things that you well understand.

Well, so long Toulemonde. I'll see you later.
But just remember what a signal folly
It is to think of every work of art
As a thing done whole and integral,
Forgetting all the scraps and shreds of doing
By which we brought it to the finished round.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Art in a City

(*Continued from page* 709)

neck and deposit him in a grove of tulip poplars on a hillside of cedar, or by the curve of a surf-beaten beach. But that is no cure, though if all follow the incoherent into Babel our case is sad indeed. For either life *is* incoherent, and science and the artists are just finding it out; or it is not, and we are on our way to discover what underlies the clash of electrons. In any case the city artists must go through with their pain (and ours). If they are merely confused by the clatter about them—and that is the criticism to be made upon a good deal of modern literature—why, so much the worse for their art. If they retire to cowslips and trout pools because they will not face the city—why, so much the worse for their service to humanity. We cannot have New York, Chicago, Paris, and London and not write about, or paint them. The real artists will struggle with this new urbanization as they struggled with the Greek idea and the Christian philosophy. They are not responsible for their world, but only for what they make of it—for the strength, the skill, the subtlety, the beauty, most of all the integrity of their reactions.

The library of the University of Chicago has purchased from Gabriel Wells, of this city, a volume containing fifty-two manuscript pages intermingled with proof sheets of one of Balzac's earliest stories, "Le Secret des Ruggieri." The proofs, of which there are seven sets, are covered with corrections, additions and changes in Balzac's handwriting, showing that his hard work had only just begun when his original manuscript had been completed. The chief donor of the manuscript is Miss Shirley Farr, a graduate of the University of Chicago.

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Books of Special Interest

Ten Thousand Books

A. L. A. CATALOG, 1926. Annotated Basic List of 10,000 Books. Edited by ISABELLA M. COOPER. Chicago: American Library Association. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by HELEN E. HAINES

HERE is a tool of professional book selection that sets a new standard and ideal for the small American public library. It represents a quarter-century leap in the half-century of growth that American libraries commemorate this year. In 1904 the "A. L. A. Catalog" made its first appearance, recording 7,500 volumes selected as the best for small public libraries. Selection was coöperative, made by specialists and by librarians; though somewhat experimental in method, it nevertheless established the principles of selection of books by consensus of specialized opinion and of their "evaluation" in a compact note of characterization. In the twenty-two years since then two supplements have appeared and the monthly *Booklist* of the association has carried on the process of current selection and evalution; but the "A. L. A. Catalog, 1904" has remained the basic list upon which nearly all smaller American libraries have built and renewed their collections. Now comes the "A. L. A. Catalog, 1926," designed to supersede the original volume, the most thoroughly organized recent undertaking in general popular bibliography. It is published as part of the American Library Association's celebration of its semi-centennial anniversary, and its preparation and publication within the short period of two years was made possible by a special grant from the Carnegie Corporation.

In general, the catalogue commands high commendation. It accomplishes a difficult task with excellent practical efficiency. It has, of course, eliminated all elaboration and detail from its bibliographic record; it represents the simplest possible technique that will convey necessary information as to author, title, date, edition, publisher, and price of all the books that it records. Indeed, no publication dates at all are given for fiction, an omission that must have saved much time and labor, but that bibliographically is hardly defensible. In arrangement, it follows the Decimal classification, which furnishes the vertebral structure of the small American public library collection, offsetting its vagaries and limitations (from the book-user's point of view) by an admirable index, ample and expert. A note of "evaluation" is given for virtually every one of the 10,295 books recorded, and although these annotations are uneven in quality they condense an immense amount of valuable bibliographical, descriptive, and critical information. Selectively, the catalogue represents the coöperative work of over 400 collaborators, including specialists of every kind, and its ten thousand entries are the ultimate reduction of fifty thousand collected, recommended, or suggested titles that have passed through the editorial crucible.

Comparison of the 1926 volume with that of 1904 reveals far-reaching changes in subject-matter and in selection standards. Classes that show the greatest increase are bibliography, philosophy, sociology, applied science, and fine arts. Natural science has undergone a considerable reduction. History is cut from 973 volumes in 1904 to 806 in 1926, and fiction with 1,226 volumes in 1904 is given only 1,129 today. Some of these reductions are explained by the fact that books for children which in 1904 were scattered through all the classes are now grouped by themselves in an independent list which represents 9.2 per cent of the total collection; but in general they are the result of the too rigorous limitation of the catalogue as a whole. A limit of 15,000 titles instead of 10,000, would undoubtedly have given a basic list of greater value and better proportions.

One of the most striking changes—evidence of the new book-currents of recent years—is the trend toward information literature: bibliographies, conspectuses, outlines, year-books, the consolidation, condensation, and popularization of knowledge. There are ten bibliographies of useful arts, where none was recorded in 1904. Journalism, with two titles in 1904, has sixteen in 1926. Sociology especially reveals the changes of the quarter-century. The Negro was represented in 1904 by three works on slavery; in 1926 we have fifteen titles, covering social, historical, and economic relations of the race. There is a great increase in the literature of labor, prison reform, population problems, and child welfare, and a flooding in of new subjects in education. Mental tests, psychoanalysis, publicity, sexual ethics, industrial management, concrete construction, were all unknown in 1904. Very interesting are the changes in philosophy and religion. Philosophy has been much strengthened and better organized, with 284 titles as against 143 in 1904. Religion has been vigorously pruned and modernized; Lyman Abbott, Hamilton Mabie, Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Canon Farrar, and Washington Gladden are gone, and in their places stand Edward Carpenter, L. P. Jacks, J. C. Powys, and Harry Emerson Fosdick. Even Papini's "Life of Christ" is absent. The Jewish encyclopedia, the Catholic encyclopedia, the encyclopedia of Islam, the Upanishads, and the Vedas are admitted to the fold, and the implication inherent in the Decimal classification that Religion is synonymous with Protestantism has been almost eliminated. Drama and poetry are greatly enlarged. American drama in 1904 was represented only by two of Howells's farces; for 1926 we have forty-two individual entries, with many more titles listed in the notes. Fiction, despite its too rigorous limitation, is an inspiring selection, chosen with catholicity and discrimination. The rich field of foreign fiction in English translation has been intelligently gleaned; a cold shoulder has been turned to the inanely "harmless;" and the distinctive work of modern writers is adequately represented.

Only those who know the timidity and moralism that dominate the ordinary small public library can appreciate how radical a departure has been made in the new "A. L. A. Catalog." It sets up a standard of book selection that is entirely revolutionary as regards libraries where heretofore "Esther Waters" has been an "immoral" book, where Willa Cather and Hergesheimer and May Sinclair are dubiously admitted to "restricted use," and where Dreiser, Cabell, and D. H. Lawrence are anathema. Here is a basic list of high professional authority, intended specifically for libraries, which includes not only all these writers, but where the Dreiser and "Madame Bovary" are accepted as works of literary value, where the great literature of other races and other countries finds generous recognition, and where in every field of thought the work of the most modern theorists and experimenters takes its place beside the literature of an earlier day. If the "A. L. A. Catalog, 1926" diffuses its influence of intelligence, reason, and tolerance through our small public libraries during the coming quarter-century, the I. Q. of the next generation ought to be considerably higher than that of the present one.

Chinese Life

A GRIFFIN IN CHINA. By GENEVIEVE WIMSATT. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1926. $3 net.

IT may perhaps be necessary to explain that the "griffin" of Miss Wimsatt, is own brother to the tenderfoot. There are other varieties of griffin in China, but they are not mentioned in this volume, there is no room for them. Lightly and cheerfully the author sets down the things she heard and saw while the old China hands looked on and "smiled upon the griffin." Although readers will look in vain for any explanation of China's present travail, they will certainly not lack amusement; some parts of the book will indeed provoke hearty laughter. The chapter on "Eating in China" is concluded in a manner to stir the Union of Cafeteria Owners to united action.

"I fear I shall never see New York again," lamented a gentleman of Peking. "The food in America is not so very bad but it has no taste, and I cannot again go hungry."

The book is obviously intended to instruct the uninitiated in the general principles of Chinese daily life, and it can certainly have no wider appeal. Books have been better written and much in this volume is not new, even to the general reader. But the author is throughout conversationally enthusiastic and whatever faults she has committed, dulness is not one of them. The sub-title, "Fact and Legend in the every-day life of the Great Republic," epitomizes very well the finished work. There is just enough in the book (together with a generous supply of very excellent photographs) to stimulate the curiosity of those who would be students of China, but have not yet begun, and to satisfy the casual reader who occasionally needs the answer to a question on things Chinese.

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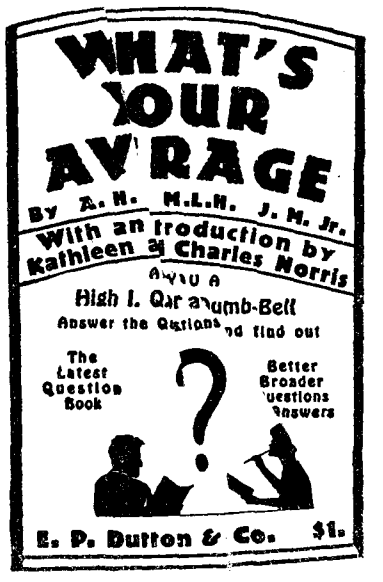
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Books of Special Interest

Our Family Tree

THE PEDIGREE OF THE HUMAN RACE. By H. H. WILDER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $3.25.

Reviewed by A. IRVING HALLOWELL
University of Pennsylvania

TURNING to the first chapter of Professor Wilder's recent volume, a flush will be brought to the cheeks of any good fundamentalist, by the evidence there presented regarding "Our Living Mammalian Relatives," especially our hairy "cousins," the anthropoid apes. I am sure he will read no further but, should he dare to risk his soul's salvation in doing so, there follows a review of extinct mammalian and primate organisms, some knowledge of which is also essential to an adequate understanding of our "family tree." As a zoölogist, Professor Wilder is at his best in the exposition of these facts which, together with his survey of the principal types of fossil men (with the exception of the very remarkable skull from Rhodesia, discovered in 1921), constitute half of the book. The author's statement, however, that "we have now a complete series of links that show man's ancestry *more completely than that of any other animal form*," is a bit too sanguine, in view of the fragmentary character and numerically insignificant remains of pre-neanderthaloid types which have, as yet, yielded themselves to the spade of the archeologist. It is certainly not improbable that many of our theoretical notions regarding the specific steps in the evolution of man in time and space may need revision when further discoveries are made, even if the main outlines of human phylogeny, as now demonstrable, remain fixed. Indeed, Professor Wilder himself gives evidence of this possibility in his statement that the Nebraska tooth "revives a hope, long since abondoned, that the human stem may have had its beginning in the New World."

After discussing the most characteristic features of human anatomy (bodily proportions, cranial capacity, the form of the skull, the jaw, face, hair, hands, feet and erect posture, etc.) from the standpoint of comparative morphology two final chapters are devoted to racial characteristics and genetic classification of contemporary varieties of the human species.

Here we are of necessity on debatable ground and it seems to me that Professor Wilder's opinion might receive more weight had he been less dogmatic on some points and given more space to a reasoned line of argument in support of his own position. A few examples will suffice. "Pigmentation," he says, "is a matter of adaptation to a certain climate, and always develops in response to the degree of sunlight." The African negroes and Hindus are cited as examples but our author does not essay to explain why the South American Indians of the tropical regions have not developed a black skin and show no wide variation in skin color from their racial kinsmen in more temperate or even subarctic climes. More amazing still is his correlation of eye color with latitude. There is a climatic progression in eye color from the blue eye with least pigment "intended for the colder regions, with a more oblique sun" to the more and more deeply pigmented eyes which "belong successively to warmer and warmer countries, where the sun's rays strike more perpendicularly." But, northern regions (at least where there is snow and ice) do not always produce blue eyes, because the Eskimo needs pigment to "shield the eyes from the glare." Logic suggests then, that climate is not the chief determining factor after all, but some associated geographical feature. The matter might better have been stated as a problem awaiting solution, rather than in the form on an *ex cathedra* statement. In discussing the form of the nose, on the other hand, Professor Wilder omits any reference to the geographical correlation for which Buxton has adduced well reasoned, although not altogether conclusive, evidence. Head form as a racial character is also treated far too simply. Although the author states an historical fact when he writes that the cephalic "index was one of the first results of scientific anthropometry and produced a deep effect," we may add, unfortunately so. Indeed the head shows such marked variability in all racial stocks that Wilder's statement that measurements showed that "large areas of the earth's surface were covered by a single type. . . . The continent of Asia . . . by brachycephals (round heads), Africa by dolichocephals (long heads) is, without some qualification, not only misleading, but a positive mistatement of fact.

In his final chapter Professor Wilder proposes a "new classification" of human races on a genetic basis and the concluding pages of the volume are devoted to an application of the author's genetic scheme to existing human types. He selects the Australians as the most generalized physical type (*Protomorphs*) and argues that they must therefore be considered as ancestral to the other varieties of man. At the other end of his phylogenetic series he places what he calls the *metamorphic* races, or those which he considers the most highly specialized in physical form i. e. the Caucasians (*Leucoderms*, Mongolians (Xanthoderms) and Ethiopians (Melanoderms). The intermediate types he calls archimorphic races. The brevity of the author's presentation of the final stages in the racial differentiation of mankind is unfortunate. In its present form at least, it is not likely to meet with ready acceptance by anthropologists. The author fails to discuss in detail, for example, the criteria which he adopts as evidence for "specialization." He considers that the African negroes are more specialized than the Oceanic negroes, yet his summary of the distinguishing traits of the former contains not a single feature, with the possible exception of the nose, which, when applied to the latter group, serves to differentiate them as more archimorphic than their metamorphic cogeners. Probably Professor Wilder has been chiefly influenced by their geographical position. Since he considers the Australians as proto-morphs, the Oceanic negroes would logically fall into a position which, geographically at least, is intermediate in respect to Africa. But it is an entirely arbitrary procedure as I see it, to designate them as morphologically intermediate in a genetic series of types. The author's scheme is clearly not a demonstration of genetic relationships of contemporary races but a deductive reconstruction based on arbitrary morphological comparisons and an assumed evolutionary sequence.

The roots of our "family tree" rest in well-tilled soil, the main trunk is rapidly gaining shape but the upper branches of it are scarcely discernible. Perhaps the still youthful science of Anthropology may yet bring them within your ken.

The Foreign Legion

THE BUGLE SOUNDS. Life in the Foreign Legion. By MAJOR ZINOVI PECHKOFF. Appleton. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. B. CHASE

By combining excerpts from his diary with quick character sketches of typical legionnaires and brief descriptive passages which explain the habits, the points of view, and the traditions of the Legion, Major Pechkoff, the adopted son of Maxim Gorky and an officer in the French Foreign Legion, has managed to convey to the reader his keen insight into the glamour and the brutality of that hazardous life. It is a vivid, unconventionally constructed story, unexpectedly powerful and comprehensive. There is a sincerity in Major Pechkoff's writing, a deep underlying desire to tell just what the Legion is, and how and why, that differentiates his book from the various recent attempts to capitalize this romantic and exotic subject.

Life with the legionnaire is intense and cruel; "weak men perish as a fruit blossom touched by the frost"; often strong men fare little better; the legionnaire perforce looks upon death fatalistically; he never thinks about it, he always expects it. Discipline in the Legion is of the strictest; there is a rule for every occasion. And it is exactly this discipline, to Major Pechkoff's mind, that attracts men to the Legion. In one way or another most of them have, in their previous lives, proved their inability to discipline themselves and to direct their own lives. By submitting to the discipline of the Legion they forego the right and the responsibility of so doing and, in the case of many of them for the first time, they find themselves free to enjoy it.

Although Major Pechkoff's main interest is the description of the professional soldier, his foibles, and his virtues, he touches upon several more general topics. Most plausibly he voices the point of view of the military man upon the whole Spanish-French-native question in Northern Africa. His comparison of the Foreign Legion to the Roman Legion is enlightening. In the closing chapters there is a vivid first-hand description of the guerilla warfare with the Riffians in 1925.

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M. P. Artzybashev

By ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

THERE is something sad, not to say tragic, in the conspicuous indifference with which Russia and the foreign world have left unnoticed the passing away of Mikhail Petrovich Artzybashev (March 3, 1927). Some fifteen years ago he was one of the most popular Russian writers. His novels which some called philosophic and others pornographic were best sellers in Moscow and St. Petersburg as well as in all European capitals (most of them were translated into all civilized languages, including the Japanese). Some of his plays ran in the best theatres of Russia for ten years in succession. Scores of provincial college boys, committing suicide or eloping with a servant girl, left to their disconsolate parents and "to the world" farewell letters, in which they declared that after having read "the immortal 'Sanin'" one could not help despising "the commonplace routine of life." Great indeed was Artzybashev's fame. Why has it, however, proved to have been such a remarkably short-lived one? Why is it that in the course of the last years no one seemed to read Artzybashev any longer? Why did he die so obscurely? For, really, obscure and joyless were his last years: he lived as an *émigré* from the Soviet régime in the unfriendly Warsaw, wrote little, if anything, struggled desperately against consumption and, finally died, still a young man (he was forty-nine), in poor and humble surroundings, with but a few friends around.

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During the ten odd years which elapsed between Chekhov's death and the downfall of the Russian Empire, three prose writers reigned supreme over Russian literature—Maxim Gorky, Leonid Andreiev, and Artzybashev. However dissimilar, they all had one trait in common: they were not only writers, but also moral or social "teachers," expounders of certain "messages" to the world. And it can hardly be a mistake to say that it is exactly these "messages" rather than their literary talents that accounted for their world-wide fame. Gorky, by far the most talented of them, yet by far not so talented as the great Russian novelists of the preceding generations, conquered the world with his impudent, brazen-faced tramp philosophizing cynically on life *à la* Nietzsche. A tramp sending to h—— the "bourgeois" world with its culture,—wasn't it "thrilling" in the days when the stiff decency of the Victorian times was still fresh in everybody's memory? But literary fashions pass as quickly as all other fashions. Indeed, is Gorky not half-forgotten today?

Andreiev's "message" was entirely different. It was the mysterious terror and horror of the "Masks," the "dreadful" poses and hints, the questionable mysticism passing into mystification and the verbal mists that were mistaken for mysticism. At that time Russia was thirsting for "messages." The outside world, too, believed, for an absolutely unexplainable reason, that "the light would come from the East." Like Gorky's tramp, this outfit of artifices and fire-crackers was thought for some time to be "a new world," and the unnatural hysterical heros swimming in it were taken for "new men." Yet all this has now been forgotten even more thoroughly than the trampology of Gorky.

Indeed, a timely and well chosen "message" may prove to be a quick and convenient short-cut to literary fame. Yet, like yesterday's newspapers, "messages" grow old overnight. The example of Artzybashev proves it still better than that of Gorky or Andreiev.

Artzybashev had an amazingly rapid literary rise. In 1904, when he was a young man of twenty-six who had just graduated from the School of Arts of St. Petersburg, he attracted attention and roused hopes by a series of good, fresh, and expressively written short stories. Three years later, in 1907, he was already the famous, the world famous, author of "Sanin," a novel which was discussed all over Europe. Then followed in quick succession a series of novels and stories which contributed still further to the young writer's success. The most important of them were "The Millions" (1908), "At the Brink" (1911), and a series of remarkable plays,—"Jealousy" (1913), "War" (1916), "The Law of the Savafie" etc. This was the end of Artzybashev's career: like Maupassant, he wrote practically all he was fated to write in ten short years of unusual fecundity.

What was Artzybashev's "message" to the world? It was extremely simple. Open a novel of his at random, and you will probably fall upon a phrase like this: "The beautiful girl, carrying her undulating body like a young mare, came down the stairs, and the officer, like a hot, playful stallion, ran up to her." Or like this: "He looked at the smiling, healthy servant-girl, and, realizing that there would be no resistance, . . ." Or else like . . . but there are passages from Artzybashev which it is better not to quote, especially in English.

There were for Artzybashev (that is to say, for Artzybashev the writer, for I do not intend to speak here of Artzybashev the man) only two realities in this world: greedy, self-asserting sex and hideous, terrible death. Life appears from his works as a procession of human bodies filled with animal desire and slowly moving to the grave. He pictured these bodies and this desire with undeniable talent and with great expressiveness, perhaps at times with too much expressiveness, for his sculptural, carnal phrases almost passed here and there into pornographic verbal gestures. Take, for instance, his "At the Brink;" it is a short novel, yet it contains at least ten "love"-scenes drawn to the verge of the unprintable and fourteen deaths! In this he undoubtedly resembled Maupassant, or even, one is tempted to say, was a second, less brilliant and more outspoken, edition of Maupassant.

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Is there a "message" in all this? Are these centuries old, prehistorical things a revelation?—the astonished reader may ask. However strange it may sound, "Sanin" was taken as a revelation by the Russian reader. The philosophy of this novel, overloaded with long, professional, didactic conversations is this: shake off all conventions and moral codes, and obey your carnal desire; in this lies the supreme wisdom. Its hero, an aggressive and impudent male abiding by this commandment, prospers and triumphs; the moral and scrupulous "weaklings" surrounding him perish. At that time, in 1908, the Russian public was seized with a sort of a hysteria: after the revolution of 1905 sexual license attained unprecedented proportions, people sought something "new" and "poignant," longed for the "unusual," etc. "Sanin" was accepted as the word of a prophet. It became literally overnight the Bible of all schoolboys and schoolgirls. "Emancipate your bodies!" "Oh, freedom from all morals," "Dare!" "Be like Sanin!"—it was a whirlwind of admiration, imitation, psychopathic adoration. . . .

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All this has now been long since forgotten. "Sanin" and "At the Brink" have been outdone and overshadowed by "La Garçonne" and a number of other such works. Yet to forget Artzybashev is just as unjust as it was to overpraise him. For, whatever moral objections may be made against him, he was undoubtedly a genuine artist, and a very outstanding and talented one, at that. One may safely predict that he will occupy in the history of Russian literature a place of honor, though, of course, among the *dei minores*. The fascination of his talent, for his talent does fascinate, lies in its sunny freshness and brightness. Light and laconically-expressive is his style and convincingly dynamic the development of his plots. There is in his slightly impressionistic writings something which perhaps might be best described as literary will-power: his sure, commanding hand takes the reader and leads him, and the reader obeys, follows, and listens with interest.

One feels this especially in his plays which are much better than his novels: unlike most other Russian plays they are intensely dramatic in construction and excellent not only in reading, but also on the stage. Their straightforwardness and compactness are remarkable. He has drawbacks and shortcomings, to be sure; he is very fond of stereotyped expression (his sky is too often "bright and blue," the bodies of his women are inadmissibly "strong, rich, and tender," etc.), and he often resorts to premeditated, inartistic, and badly camouflaged stunts and effects. Yet even these defects are redeemed by the freshness and convincingness of his talent.

The Bolsheviks treated Artzybashev very harshly. He was several times arrested by them, and some of his books were included in the list of "forbidden books;" for a long time he starved without work and without any means of existence. The years spent under the Soviet régime definitely ruined his health. And the epilogue which concluded the last sad and joyless page of his life was not unexpected to those who were interested in his fate, as it probably was not unexpected to himself.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S CITIZEN OF THE WORLD. By HAMILTON JEWETT SMITH. Yale University Press. 1927. $2.

"Autour de Goldsmith's 'Citizen'" might well have been the title of this dissertation. Students of that mad wag—or as Dr. Smith calls him, that "erratic genius"—will welcome this industrious examination, not only of the "Citizen," but also of the *genre* it represents. The bulk of the book is devoted to tracking down Goldsmith's sources. Dr. Smith has done a solid piece of work.

TOWARD THE OPEN. By *H. C. Tracy*. Dutton. $3.50.

THE IDEA OF A COLLEGE. By *Chauncey B. Tinker*. QUINCIBALD IN MEDIOCRIA. By *Leonard Bacon*. Yale University Press. $1.

ADVICE ON THE CARE OF BABIES. By *A Bachelor Who Can't Bear Them*. A. & C. Boni. $1.25.

THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE. By *G. B. Harrison*. Harpers. $1.

MARTIAL AND THE MODERN EPIGRAM. By *Paul Nixon*. Longmans, Green.

THAT'S NEW YORK. By *Morris Markey* and *Johan Bull*. Macy-Masius. $2.

EIGHT ESSAYS. By *Frederick M. Smith*, Ithaca, N. Y.

Biography

FRONTIER DUST. By JOHN LORD. Hartford, Conn.; Edward Valentine Mitchell. 1927. $2.50.

Enlisting at sixteen "to find those fellows who were making war because Lincoln was elected President," John Lord fought under Gen. Thomas at Nashville, was captured later by men of Gen. Joe Wheeler's command in Mississippi, was imprisoned, and finally made his escape to the Union lines at Memphis. Going West, he took up the life of a cowboy and all-'round ranch hand. He tells us that he was with Buffalo Bill when Fort McKinney was moved to a new site in northern Wyoming, and later at Abilene, Kansas, when that town was the terminus of the Texas cattle trail. In 1879 he was one of the ten thousand men who rushed to Leadville, Colorado; here he saw men robbed in broad daylight on a main thoroughfare, dead bodies picked up at dawn from behind saloons, and—after the Vigilance Committee began its operations—the figures of rowdies and criminals dangling from trees on the outskirts of town, with placards pinned to their shorts reading: "I Committed Suicide." Subsequently, Mr. Lord tells us, he worked for Roosevelt on the latter's cattle ranch, and he relates an amusing story of how Teddy called the bluff of a neighboring cattleman, who had warned him that if he didn't stop cutting grass on a certain *vega* he would be killed at sight. Roosevelt rode up to his porch "to be at the killing."

The volume is an entertaining *mélange* of reminiscences, which would have more historical value if it met certain obvious tests of accuracy. The writer states that he heard Lincoln and Douglas at Bement, Ill., but there was no Lincoln-Douglas debate at Bement; he says he was on the Roosevelt ranch "in Montana," whereas the ranch was in Dakota; and he does not spell even familiar place-names correctly. Just why the chapters were not arranged in chronological sequence is a little difficult to understand.

THE PARSON'S DEVIL. By CLIFTON JOHNSON. Illustrated by PETER NEWELL. Crowell. 1927. $2.50.

The subject of this memoir, George M. Stearns, was, the author assures us, "one of the ablest, wittiest, and best-loved of American lawyers," a statement not strongly substantiated by the accompanying text. Stearns, the son of a Massachusetts country clergyman, was born at Rowe in 1831, where as a child his hilarious nature gained for him the nickname of "The Parson's Devil." He established a law practice in Chicopee, and there won a local renown as a shrewd attorney, a wily pleader, an inveterate jokesmith, and popular village sport. He died in 1894, profoundly loved and mourned by all who knew him, among these being the author. It is apparent that according to his lights Stearns was a modest success, but it is evident too that his sense of humor, even for that day, was a fearful thing, his legal talents nothing extraordinary, and the scope of his learning narrowly provincial. Parts of the book are composed of Stearns's personal impressions of his travels abroad and in the South, the reading of which recalls a series of phonograph records circulated in the 'nineties under the title: "Uncle Josh Sees the World."

CHARLES I. IN CAPTIVITY. Edited by *Gertrude Scott Stevenson*. Appleton.

FRANCISCO DE IBARRA AND NUEVA VIZCAYA. By *J. Lloyd Meecham*. Duke University Press. $3.50.

THE LIFE ND WORKS OF FRANCIS HOPKINSON. University of Chicago Press. $4.

LAND, SEA AND AIR. By *Mark Kerr*. Longmans, Green. $7.50.

BENVENUTO CELLINI. Memoirs Written by Himself. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

THE PRODIGIOUS LOVER. By *Louis Barthou*. Duffield. $2.50.

MY LIFE WITH THE ESKIMOS. By *Vilhjalmur Stefansson*. Macmillan.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST. By *Vera Figner*. International. $3.

Education

THE PROBLEM CHILD. By A. S. NEILL. McBride. 1927. $2.

Mr. Neill's thesis may be expressed as follows: the attention and interest of children is irresistibly drawn to those subjects and activities which are forbidden. To this fact he traces maladjustment in children, and his aim is to eradicate "conscience" in his pupils. His slant on children would appear to have been warped by continued contact with so-called problem children. His pedagogical method is based on about five per cent pure science and ninety-five per cent pure guess. The successes he mentions with certain difficult pupils suggest the fact that he is a good guesser, but there is nothing to prove that his theories put into practice by another would have any success whatsoever, nor does the five per cent science warrant placing this book upon the shelves of a parent's library nor on that of child-study clubs.

CHAUCER'S NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE. By *Kenneth Sisam*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

THE TEACHER'S BOOK OF PHONETICS. By *Sarah T. Barrows* and *Anna D. Cordts*. Ginn.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD. Teacher's Manual. By *Jean Gertrude Hutton*. $1.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD. By *Emery Lewis Howe*. Abingdon. $1.40.

Fiction

AMONG THOSE PRESENT. By LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS. Doran. 1927. $2.

Although this collection of eleven short stories does not include any that possess the qualities of prize-winners, they are yet a generously varied and adroitly constructed group. Several of them, with shrewd differentiation of treatment and materials, portray the pains, ecstacies, and disillusionment of young love; others, turned with equal aptitude, are involved in sterner issues: the pangs of sensitively borne spinsterhood, self-sacrificial devotion, the austere struggle of racial pride against adversity. Of the lot, there is not one which falls below the smooth, balanced standard maintained by its fellows and, if none of them is particularly profound or complicated, the reader is nevertheless unlikely to feel the sense of sameness and limited resource which is so often derived from volumes of brief tales by one author.

LUCKY NUMBERS. By MONTAGUE GLASS. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

The latest of Mr. Glass's volumes to goodnaturedly burlesque the Jewish citizenry of the metropolis is composed of seven short stories, in only the first of which do the widely known "Potash and Perlmutter" appear. In the rest the characters are still the familiar "Abe and Mawruss," their wives, relatives, friends and enemies, though slightly disguised under other names. The action of the tales takes place in New York and its vicinity, except in two wherein the scene is Hollywood. The book, it seems to us, may best be enjoyed by dividing one's reading of it into two or three separate sessions, for to go through this kind of literature in an unbroken stretch is liable to try the patience.

GRAY DAWN. By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. Harper. 1927. $2.

Mr. Terhune here pays homage to the sterling greatness of yet another Sunnybank Farm collie, "Gray Dawn," the son of the mighty "Bruce." Of necessity, the book follows closely in method and contents the pattern of the author's numerous other volumes of canine fiction. Dawn is presented, from puppyhood to his eighty-pound majority, in ten chapters featuring him in rôles characteristic of his playfulness, his fidelity, his intelligence, his bravery, and his all-round superiority to men and other poor creatures. The stories are undeniably

(*Continued on next page*)

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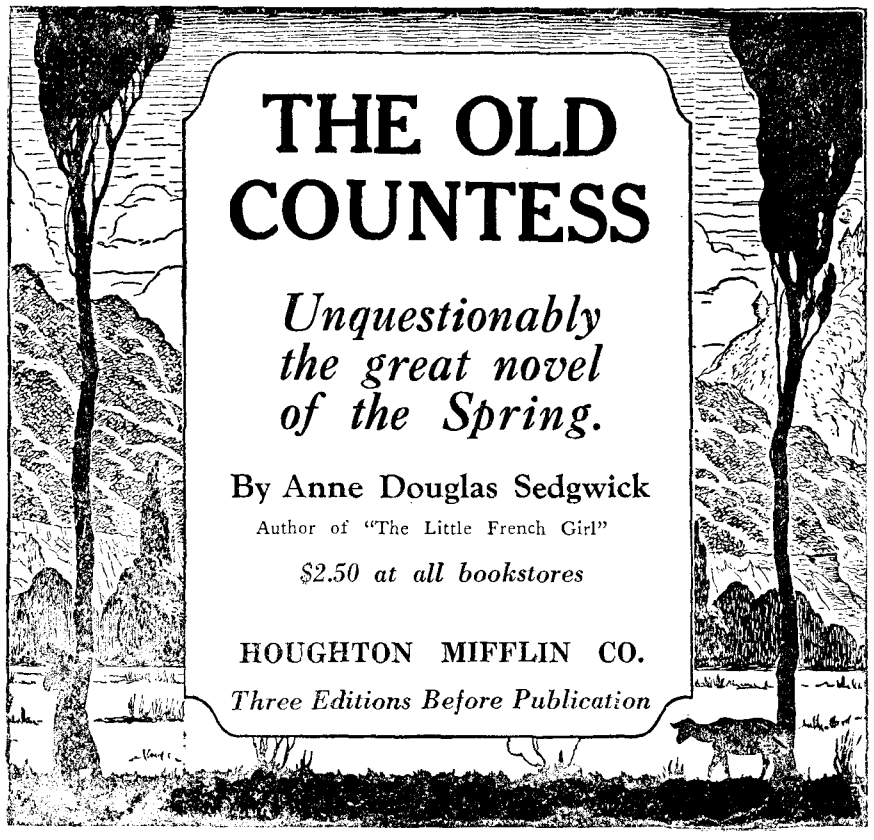

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

creditable productions, but many persons who have liberally sampled Mr. Terhune's past offerings in the same vein, may reasonably think that it is time he gave his collies a permanent rest.

WILD MONEY. By FREEMAN TILDEN. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

There is little to discuss about Mr. Tilden's latest novel, "Wild Money." It is a rather talky story which runs along pleasantly enough (since Mr. Tilden writes so easily that he can lure the casual reader through all sorts of incongruities and impossibilities without conscious pain or fatigue), making no attempt at real characterization or integrity of plot structure. As such an unexceptionable magazine story lengthened to meet the word requirements of a novel it will probably find plenty of readers. If Mr. Tilden did not so frequently show in his shorter efforts a decided *flair* for phrase and an appreciation of whimsicality in character, one would not so much regret this latest venture into banality. "Wild Money" is a story of the effects on two friends of a sudden fortune which falls to the lot of one of them. The Damon and Pythias link that had united them through years of financial rough weather snaps under the strain of prosperity. The old theme of humble Americans trying to enter "society" on the strength of suddenly acquired riches is once again made to do duty without much in the way of innovation. A few scenes of dissipation are introduced for variety, but on the whole "Wild Money" fits well enough into that class of books which can be read aloud in the home. Mr. Tilden should be given credit, however, for out-Æsoping Æsop. Whereas the ancient fabler was always content with one moral to adorn his tale, this modern novelist generously presents his readers with two, the first seeming to say that friendship cannot withstand success, and the other that there is no evil which a little love eked out with a few good platitudes cannot remedy.

THE UNKNOWN PORT. By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER. Crowell. 1927. $2.

Permeated by the puerile and noxious sweetness which raises doubt that such books are intended for the reading of mature people, this "glad" tale piously extols the virtues of courage, true love, eternal hope, honesty, and plain dumbness. The scene is the Massachusetts coast village of Port Haven, where a local old maid, Martha Brewster, assisted by her up-and-coming niece, Jane, has opened a tea room. Two rival suitors, an artist and a professor, quickly begin a contest for the fair Jane's hand, while a quaint, elderly sea-salt, Captain Blood, shyly woos the ancient Aunty. Jane is awarded to the artist, whose winsome niece has grown enamored of the virile professor, and Aunty gaily weds her captain. All these kittenish proceedings are conducted to the accompaniment of continuous feastings upon the tea-shop goodies. Nothing more need here be said.

PA: THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. By MARGARET ASHMUN. Macmillan. 1927. $2.

"Pa" is an octogenarian, the enfeebled, but tyrannical, patriarch of his tribe, a family of Illinois farm folk that includes his married son, his grand-children, his daughter and son-in-law, all of whom exist frugally upon the old man's acres. The action is mainly supplied by Mattie, Pa's unwed grand-daughter, a gaunt slattern of thirty with the tongue and temper of a shrew, her physical shortcomings being emphasized by a shrivelled arm and a slight spinal curvature. On the eve of her tardy mating, Mattie's betrothed, a timorous hired man, takes Pa's advice and sneaks away. The desertion seriously effects the thwarted Mattie's health, but her wily parents concoct a scheme by which a seemingly innocent Swedish farm-hand is inveigled into becoming the spinster's husband. If the reader's preferences in fiction include a liking for novels which portray American yokels in the "true-to-life" manner, he should not overlook "Pa."

DR. MOREL. By KAREN BRAMSON. Greenberg. 1927. $2.

A famous though dissolute woman's specialist falls in love with a daughter of the French aristocracy, and makes her his mistress. Too soon he proves unfaithful; and Lucienne, incapable of understanding that a man's senses have no connection with his heart, suffers.

Meantime it has been the custom of Dr. Morel to relieve the more hopeless wretches who come to his free clinic of their suffering by the use of poison. The parallel suddenly presents itself in his mind.

"At first," to quote from his diary, "I almost screamed with terror. . . . No, No! Not that! The cross would be too heavy. It would be atrocious, inhuman, if I were compelled to crush myself under the logic of my convictions. Go, cursed thought,—go!" But the cursed thought does not go, thanks to his philanthropic instincts, and he kills his mistress.

The insanity of the leading character, then, is the chief reason why Karen Bramson's book fails of its high purpose as tragedy.

But if we are incapable of sympathizing deeply with the fate of a man who from the first is fit subject for a psychological monograph, what of the other characters, who live not at all? The reader is assured that Lucienne is a member of the most conservative French aristocracy; yet this young lady comes to Morel's house, requests to stay till morning, and later invades his bedroom wearing only her nightdress. Jacques, the doctor's friend, gambles, drinks, over-eats, has affairs, fights a duel, burglarizes, attempts murder, and finally goes to prison, all with the charmingly vindictive spirit of a Rudolph in "Hairbreadth Harry." Beside these, there are French counts, "the very last word in degeneration," with monkey faces and dry, parchment-like skins, who sit beside their beautiful, bought wives, and watch them jealously. There is Sister Antoinette, who jeopardizes her eternal salvation, because she secretly adores Dr. Morel, and cannot refuse to administer the fatal glass of port to whatever hopeless invalid he indicates. Certainly there is a world where events of such huge emotional import occur one right after the other like the explosion of a pack of firecrackers; where each character is but the symbol of hatred, evil, purity, greed, sorrow; and that is the world of melodrama.

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE. By OWEN JOHNSON. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.

The difficulty with this *roman à thèse* is that after simmering awhile and coming to the boiling point, it boils over and its thesis evaporates. Indeed the only moral one can reasonably be expected to draw from the book is the perverse one that divorce is evil because it generates in the children of divorced parents a prejudice against this excellent means of escaping from impossible marriages. The beginning of the tale, to be sure, vividly pictures the unhappiness of several homeless youngsters whose parents have deserted them in the pursuit of new mates. Yet neither the virtues nor the vices of these children can be logically attributed to their state of pseudo-orphanage. One even suspects that what ails most of them is too much money and too little intellect. And the rest of the story convinces us that if Jean Waddington had only been willing to solve her problem as her parents had solved theirs, she and Ted might have lived and loved happily ever after.

Jean is held to be very old-fashioned by her set—we are moving among socially registered millionaires and the best foreign titles—because, remembering her years of imprisonment in the convent to which her disunited parents had condemned her, she resolves that her own marriage ties shall be binding to the end, no matter what the cost. There can be no doubt that the cost is inordinately high in her case. For want of a little judicious divorcing the stage is strewn with wrecked lives at the final curtain and the characters of several of the principals are dislocated beyond recognition. However, the luxurious settings are uniformly magnificent, and the succession of country estates, Cannes villas, and Paris hotels will satisfy even the most exigent readers of the tabloids. They will also enjoy the vicarious pleasure of assisting at the preliminaries incident to the wedding of a wealthy American girl to a foreign prince, and they will probably be undisturbed by the spectacle of a supposedly high-minded woman contracting an unprincipled marriage—from which eventually she is ready to bolt—or by the peculiar transformation of two supposedly honorable gentlemen into blackguards—and back again.

CLEOPATRA'S PRIVATE DIARY. By *Henry Thomas*. Stratford. $2.

RED LOVE. By *Alexandra Kollontay*. Seven Arts. $2.50.

THE FINDER OF FIRE. By *Francis Rolt-Wheeler*. Appleton. $1.75.

WHEN IS ALWAYS? By *Coningsby Dawson*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

THE RED ROAD. By *Hugh Pendexter*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE MUTINY OF THE FLYING SPRAY. By *Arthur Hunt Chute*. Sears. $2.

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Miscellaneous

BIRTH CONTROL LAWS. By MARY WARE DENNETT. New York: Hitchcock. 1926.

This book is recommended to all Americans who labor under the delusion that they live in a free country. It is an exposé of the worst features of Comstockery.

BANKING THROUGH THE AGES. By NOBLE FOSTER HOGGSON. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $3.

To Rotarians this book must appear as a very "classy" product. Some would doubtless insist that it is "elegant." The binding is "unusual," the edges are rough, there are scarcely two hundred words to the page and there are almost thirty relatively expensive plate illustrations!

There is strong basis for the assumption that the book was written for the edification of the present-day practitioners of the calling which is glorified in its pages. A well-known member of the guild wrote the preface, the title is a moving and sonorous one. Despite the sonority of the title, however, the treatment is brief—about twenty-five thousand words—not too long for a busy man to read without being bored. Banking, says the author in his foreword, is today "the foundation on which is being built the great structure of modern civilization." No wonder that the appreciative writer of the preface feels called upon to say that the author's story is "told with the vision of a poet who, while treating of the details of his narrative is yet conscious of their larger significance!"

The student of banking, however, will not glow with emotion over what he reads. The book is a curious mixture of unrelated historical sketches in which, apparently, romantic interest, rather than scientific importance or practical significance, controlled selection. While the "Rise of the Rothschilds" is given six and a half pages, "Banking During the Roman Era" is set forth in less than four and a half. The author could never have heard of Cruchon's "Banques dans L'Antiquité," else he could hardly say, as he does, that "as a distinct branch of commerce" banking "scarcely extends over three hundred years." The book serves to strengthen the hope that some competent scholar will some day write for us a real "Story of Banking."

THE STORY OF THE CITY COMPANIES. By P. H. DITCHFIELD. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $5.

The purpose of this volume, according to the author, "is to present a succinct account of the origin, history, character, and object" of the City Companies of London. These companies, which at one time exercised political control of the city of London, have long since turned their attention to the administration of their charities and to the celebration of annual feasts or to the entertainment of visiting notables. Yet these organizations, springing mainly from the craft guilds of the Middle Ages, have had a long and eventful history.

Mr. Ditchfield previously published in 1904 "The History of the City Companies of London and Their Good Works"—an expensive volume which has long been out of print. In this present work, intended more for the general public, he starts with a description of the Guildhall. In the two succeeding chapters, he describes the origin of the companies and the vicissitudes through which they passed. He then takes up the twelve great companies, devoting to each one a chapter,—the Mercers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Tailors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, and the Clockworkers. Each of these chapters is divided into two parts, the first giving a general description of the company, while the second contains items concerning the hall of the company. Following is a brief enumeration of the sixty-two odd minor companies, such as the bowyers, the fan-makers, the girdlers, the playing-card makers. In the case of some of these, the trade which they represent has long ceased to exist. The final chapter enumerates the chief treasures to be found in the halls of the various companies.

There are numerous reprints of interesting engravings contained in the volume. It is the type of book which will attract the attention of those who feel an antiquarian interest in London, or in the city companies themselves.

FATHERS AND SONS. By *Samuel S. Drury*. Doran. $1.50 net.

THE STORY OF MUSIC. By *Paul Bekker*. Norton. $3.50.

ARTIFEX, OR THE FUTURE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP. By *John Gloag*. Dutton. $1.

HEBREW ETHICAL WILLS. Selected and edited by *Israel Abrahams*. Jewish Publication Society.

WHY BE NERVOUS? By *Clara Clemens*. Harpers. $1.25.

THE SEA, ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE. By *Frank C. Bowen*. McBride. 3 vols. $20 net.

THE JUNK SNUPPER. By *C. R. Clifford*. Macmillan. $4.

THE FUTURE OF FUTURISM. By *John Rodker*. Dutton. $1.

SIBYLLA, OR THE REVIVAL OF PROPHECY. By *C. A. Mace*. Dutton. $1.

NEGRO LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES. By *Charles H. Wesley*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

NORMAN DOUGLAS. By *Edward D. MacDonald*. Philadelphia: Centaur. $3.50.

GARDEN BOOKS OLD AND NEW. Compiled by *Mary Evans*. Pennsylvania Horticultural Society.

THE FOUR GARDENS. By *"Handasyde."* Dutton. $2.

Philosophy

THE STORY OF PSYCHOLOGY. By G. J. JORDAN. Greenberg. 1926.

This convenient hand-book presumably did not derive from the popularity of "The Story of Philosophy," as it is of English origin, in a series independently planned. The title does not fit the book insofar as it covers not a retrospective but present-day survey, lifting the cream from a few rich problems popular in appeal. While not as adequate as the similar American ventures of Professor Adams or Professor Humphrey, Dr. Jordan's contribution is within its limitations helpful. He has selected as high-points in the newer psychology the "Raw Material," "Character," "Health," "Every-Day Life," "Religion,"—a sufficiently representative sample. The book is strong in its sane and critical appreciation of the newer trends. The author favors the Freudian interpretation, but is suspicious of its extreme statements. He recognizes the American contributions to Applied Psychology, but confuses them with those of the Behaviorists. The exposition is reported rather than contributed. However sympathetic and understanding, the presentation is not that of one intimate with the methods by which the conclusions have been sustained.

Dr. Jordan is strongest on the social and general aspects, including the value of Child Psychology, indicated by his dedication to "the Angel in the House." He brings to his task a marked religious interest, which while not an intrusion, restrains him from letting the psychological story influence the religious one. Following the English tradition, which on the whole has done better popularization than the American, often too much influenced by the journalistic and practical temper, Dr. Jordan shows good power of statement, and makes attractively accessible ideas that are in the air and should be in the repertory of the general reader with a high I. Q.

FATALISM OR FREEDOM. A Biologist's Answer. By C. J. HERRICK. Norton. 1926. $1.

A biologist makes an excursion into philosophy and offers us a naturalistic account of freedom. The freedom of an organism to "run true to form," to "operate in accordance with its inner nature in situations appropriate for that operation" is all the freedom that humans have. The thesis is simple and not new, indeed too simple to require as many words as the author uses in setting it forth.

THE SCIENCE OF MIND. By *Ernest Shurtleff Holmes*. McBride. $3.50 net.

THOUGHT AND THE BRAIN. By *Henri Piéron*. Translated by *C. K. Ogden*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

Poetry

THE BEST POEMS OF 1926. Selected by *Thomas Moult*. London: Cape.

THREADS. By *Dorothy Quick*. Vinal.

FANDANGO. By *Stanley Vestal*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

SHE-SHANTIES. By *A. P. Herbert*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE IMMACULATE PERCEPTION. By *Jean Parke*. Vinal.

LAUGHTER OF OMNIPOTENCE. By *J. H. Wallis*. Vinal.

CANADIAN FOLK SONGS. Selected and translated by *J. Murray Gibbon*. Harmonization by *Geoffrey O'Hara* and *Oscar O'Brien*. Dutton. $2.50.

AMERICA—1917. By *W. S. Thayer*. Norman, Remington. $2.

NEW POEMS. By *Ford Madox Ford*. Rudge.

Juvenile

PRISCILLA OF PRYDEHURST. By HAMMEL JOHNSON. Appleton. 1927. $1.75.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

had died in a railroad wreck, leaving their baby to be reared by illiterate Kentucky mountaineers. The child has at last been restored to her great-grandmother, the aged, affluent, blue-blooded Madame Pryde of Prydehurst, but alas, the unhappy waif's identity still lacks the positive proof of Frilly's kinship to the Prydes. Everything is done by poor Frilly's relatives, particularly by her five young cousins, to make the girl happy in her new home while the mystery of her origin remains still unsolved, that question being finally settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. The book is suitable reading for girls of from ten to fourteen years, and is a sequel to the author's preceding story, "Prydehurst."

THE BOOK OF BRAVERY. By HENRY W. LANIER. Scribners. 1927. $3.50.

Doubtless on the principle that there cannot be too much of a good thing Mr. Lanier has brought together under one cover his three volumes of the Book of Bravery series. The portly book thus evolved is a treasure house of interesting information arranged in an ascending scale of value. Mr. Lanier has developed his subject by presenting first incidents of physical courage, then those of mental intrepidity, and last those of spiritual valor. His subject matter is fascinating, and its presentation varied, since it is told in many instances in the words of the actors or those of eye-witnesses. Boys will find it a source of delight.

THE BOY SHOWMAN AND ENTERTAINER. By A. ROSE. Dutton. 1927. $2.

School and camp and home libraries will undoubtedly welcome this very simply written, carefully planned volume wherein are to be found the secrets of ventriloquism and drawing room magic, not to mention full direction for circuses, peep-shows, artificial fireworks, marionette and Punch and Judy shows. There is a complete text of Punch and Judy dialogue and numerous diagrams and directions for the aid of youthful managers. Barn theatricals should be greatly helped by such material.

THE SONS OF KAI. By HENRY BESTON. Macmillan. 1926. $1.

Another attractive small volume in the Macmillan Little Library series is this tale of our own Southwest. Henry Beston has brought back this genuine Indian folk tale from the old men of the Navaho country and in his own simple and spirited language has retold their story of the twin brothers, sons of Kai, who were stolen from their cliff dwelling during a storm to encounter strange and terrifying adventures before winning their way back to their own people. Such little books might well be added to primary school reading lists instead of the more usual third or fourth grade readers.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF AMUSEMENTS. By A. FREDERICK COLLINS. Appleton. $2.

This is a compilation full of all sorts of stunts and popular diversions such as are warranted to occupy the full time of any youngster who becomes casually interested in the volume. There are puzzles, paradoxes, eye-twisters, fun with match-sticks, indoor games old and new, parlor pyrotechnics, and so on. There are easy scientific amusements also. It is the kind of book that most ingenious youths like to have lying around for perusal in their odd moments that are not devoted to football and baseball and—possibly—study. The author of the book has already a string of other practical books for boys to his credit, ranging all the way from "How to Fly" to "The Book of the Microscope," and including "The Home Handy Book," "The Amateur Mechanic" and "The Book of Magic."

THE LOST MERBABY. By MARGARET BAKER. With pictures by MARY BAKER. Duffield. 1927. $2.

The Baker sisters have made another charming book for little children and indeed for all who delight in simple folk and fairy tales and in quaint silhouette illustrations. This particular story is about a Merbaby who is adopted by a kindly fisherman's wife and the accompanying pictures are full of moving fishes, gulls, and sea weed; little rocking boats, Mermaids, puffins, crabs, and other creatures all beautifully caught in the really remarkable and spirited work of the artist. A real treasure of a little book.

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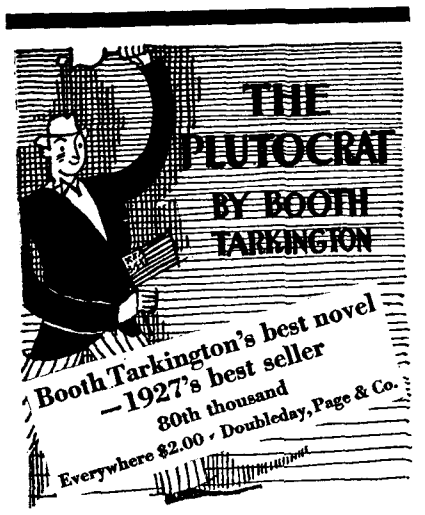

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION
MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By *Sylvia Townsend Warner* (Viking).
UNDERSTANDING AMERICA. By *Langdon Mitchell* (Doran).
COLONEL BOB INGERSOLL. By *Cameron Rogers* (Doubleday, Page).

H. G. C., Cleveland, Ohio, asks for a selection of plays, half British, half American, lately on the stage, for a reading circle.

"CAPONSACCHI" has been a success of the present season in New York—it is so still—but I do not know whether to put it on the British or the American list: it is based on Browning's "The Ring and the Book," but the dramatization was made by Arthur Goodrich and Rose Palmer; it is published by Appleton, and makes an ideal book for reading aloud in such a club. Indeed the interest aroused by the play has brought out a new edition of "The Ring and the Book," with introduction by Montrose Moses, notes by Charlotte Porter and Helen Clark, and seven photographs of scenes in the current Hampden production. For the modern British plays lately produced in London, I would choose "Granite," by Clemence Dane (Macmillan), a play whose appearance on the stage here made more of a flurry even than it did in England. I wonder whether the Guild, which I heard (in London) had turned this play down when it was offered them, rather wished they had not when they read the press-notices. As for reading purposes, I never knew a play that made a more thrilling effect when "told" in lecture form; I sketched it briefly over the radio lately, and a woman told me that when the face looked in at the window she nearly dropped the baby. Then I would take "This Woman Business," by Benn Levy (Doran), whose talkativeness comes out well when read, and whose sallies at the expense of women no wise woman resents, and J. J. Balderston's "Berkeley Square" (Macmillan), which was published here almost as soon as it was given in London, and "The Constant Wife," by Somerset Maugham (Doran), now appearing in New York.

For the American plays, I would take occasion to go over "What Price Glory" in book form, for it has appeared together with "The First Flight" and "The Buccaneer" in "Three Plays" by Maxwell Anderson and Lawrence Stallings (Harcourt, Brace). The most successful New York melodrama in years, Dunning and Abbott's "Broadway" (Doran), is now in print, and so is the piquant "Daisy Mayme," by George Kelly (Little, Brown), that brave warning to family parasites. "Ned McCobb's Daughter" and "The Silver Cord," two Guild successes by Sidney Howard, are published by Scribner.

A great number of plays from Broadway, some of recent production there, may be obtained in pamphlet form from Samuel French, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, and this is a practical way of outfitting a group of readers.

J. F. W., Cambridge, Mass., asks for American-written books of travel giving the impressions of Americans in Europe. He knows Cornelia Stratton Parker's "Ports and Happy Places" and "More Ports, More Happy Places."

I SUPPOSE one might divide the earlier impressions of Americans abroad into the reverential, like Longfellow's "Outre Mer," and the robustious, like "Innocents Abroad." But these earlier books of travel have a quality—durability—not conspicuous in many of those of the present day: it meant more then to go to Europe, as well as cost more, and most people went but once, saved up for it, and thought it over long afterwards. I just heard from a reader who still found usable material in Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Our Hundred Days of Europe," saying "it reminds me of none less than Ring Lardner's 'The Golden Honeymoon,' and I mean this respectfully, almost tenderly, not facetiously," James's "English Homes," the impressions of William Dean Howells and of Edith Wharton, and the "Views Afoot" of Bayard Taylor, have still something of the reverent note, but Lardner's "Gullible's Travels" (Scribner), and Will Rogers's "Leters of a Self-Made Diplomat" (A. & C. Boni), are frankly wild and wooly.

"The American in England during the First Half-century of Independence" by R. E. Spiller (Holt), is a compilation of travellers' records that goes from 1775 to 1835, and includes writers like Irving, Cooper, and Emerson; it makes a companion volume to Allan Nevins's "American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers" (Holt). Coming to the present period, we have records of travel in which the chief interest is in the impact of new impressions upon a vigorous mind, like Theodore Dreiser's "A Traveller at Forty" (Century), or a discursive record of a long-awaited trip to the Continent, Michael Monahan's "The Road to Paris" (Brown). I have not read "An Old Grocer and His Wife See Europe," by P. Findlay (Honig-Cooper Co., San Francisco), but the title caught my eye in a catalogue and looks promising. John Dos Passos gives a report of Spain as seen by one of Spanish descent in "Rosinante to the Road Again" (Doran); and a more recent new is that of Waldo Frank in "Virgin Spain" (Boni & Liveright). Some of our travellers go afoot, like Harry Franck, who who has tramped the globe according to his titles, or C. S. Brooks, whose "Roundabout to Canterbury" (Harcourt, Brace), describes a walking tour—his "Thread of English Road" (Harcourt, Brace), is about a bicycle trip. Harold Speakman saw Ireland by a compromise method: he bought a donkey, a "wee horse," for his painting kit, and walked alongside; the result appears in "Here's Ireland!" (Dodd, Mead). The professional travellers and preparers of guides, of whom the most successful example is Clara Laughlin, have produced many a book, but I think "So You're Going to Paris" (Houghton Mifflin), and the line of "So You're" books, have a long lead in general usability. Come to think of it, Anita Loos has produced a highly popular travel book. The impressions of London and especially of Paris, as set down by Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Boni & Liveright), are by no means inconsiderable.

P. D. P., Cleveland, O., wishes to know all he can about the consular and diplomatic services as a possible career after graduating from college. He would like also some fiction showing the service in action.

"FOREIGN Service of the United States," by Tracy H. Lay (Prentice-Hall), is a comprehensive analysis of the agencies through which our foreign affairs are conducted, by an officer of the diplomatic and consular service. Official documents are appended. Sir Ernest Satow's "Guide to Diplomatic Practice" (Longmans, Green, 2 vols.) is a standard work first published in 1917, revised and expanded in 1922.

The student of diplomatic history will find much of value in "Diplomatic Portraits: Europe and the Monroe Doctrine a Hundred Years Ago" (Houghton Mifflin), a contribution not only to history but to the literature of biography. There are personal recollections in many autobiographies — "Remembered Yesterdays," by Robert Underwood Johnson (Little, Brown), and "A Diplomat Looks at Europe," by Richard Washburn Child (Duffield), come to mind.

"Legation Street," by Lenox Fane (Little, Brown), is the best novel involving not only the customs but the characteristic legation mentality that I have read. The scene is laid in China. The diplomatic play that stands out in my mind is Maurice Baring's "His Majesty's Embassy," the title play in a volume by one who certainly knows what he is writing about. As a play it moves slowly and the action seems to begin over with each act, but as a picture of a life and of the insides of the minds of those living it, it is undeniably impressive.

SOMETHING must really be done about reading the Bible. This department does not search out quotations, but when a group of young people in a city whose name I suppress refer to a dispute they have been waging as to whether the quotation "all things to all men" was used in connection with Caesar's wife, I must tell them that in 1 Corinthians ix, 22, St. Paul explains that he is "made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." Possibly they thought it was Caesar's wife because a lady with such versatility is sometimes not above suspicion.

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The AMEN CORNER

EASTER is near, and the Oxford University Press American Branch,(1) has dressed up its library showcases for that event. What nourishment this year for all sorts of cultivated tastes! And what sensible gifts! Pamela has espoused internationalism. Let us buy her Hsü's *China and her Political Entity*.(2) The entire family will then have an authoritative and readable explanation of present events in that unhappy country. Is Lucia employed in more innocent diversions? Perhaps, like the lady in Addison's *Spectator Papers*,(3) she loves to cut out wooden animals with a jigsaw, preferring sawing to sewing. Let's improve her mind and enlighten her artistic understanding with a copy of Vernon Blake's recent *Drawing—for Children and Others*(4)—a perfect introduction to the art of drawing, an introduction to the study of pictures as well, whose text and illustrations can teach the most "grown-up of grown-ups". Then there's the same author's *The Way to Sketch*(5)—practically designed for those who desire to add to the pleasures of travel, say, by acquiring the power to note and capture passing effects. It's a new book full of lovely line-drawings and eight reproductions by great artists. The Press has so many wonderful art books, besides these, that the *Oxonian* is waiting to tell the news to all who ask for it.

ART KNOWS neither age nor previous condition of servitude. Here are some new music-books for her. *The Scope of Music*(6) by Percy C. Buck is a readable summary of the whole range of music, hard to find in any other volume. *The New Music*(7) by George Dyson is a full and non-technical critical study of all the important modern composers. Or, being an artist, Lucia might like *The Musical Pilgrim Series*,(8) an exclusive edition of booklets printed in the famous Fell type, dealing, *seriatim*, with Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, DeBussy, Ravel, and Schubert, and providing both student and concert goer with reliable guides to the classics. They are not biographies; they deal with the *works* of the composers, and are invaluable for that reason. And here is a bargain in great literature for her—the kind of books about which Sir Roger de Coverley would have had no ironic comments to make, as he did make when he found a copy of "The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony" in A Lady's Library. *The Complete Works of Jane Austen*(9) consists of a set of five 8vo volumes, (9x6), bound in buckram, with a text based on the collation of the early editions, and with notes, indexes, and magnificent illustrations and title-pages, all from contemporary sources. The work has been edited by Mr. R. W. Chapman, a fine English scholar. The Oxford University Press has seldom been able to offer so much for so little money as it now does in these beautiful books. 'Tis a gift fit for a Pamela or a Prince!

AND NOW comes news indeed! Not alone for Serena (who is a true poet, by the way) but for *all* writers, faculty members, teachers generally, editors, journalists, and school and college students. *The Pocket Oxford Dictionary, American Edition*(10) is out! It was published last week! What a compendium of usefulness it is! Bound in Oxford blue and gold, small enough to slip into one's pocket but authoritatively the most outstanding handy dictionary that has ever been published, it has 1030 pages and defines some 20,000 living words. It has a royal parentage—nothing less than the great Oxford English Dictionary upon which Bradley, Furnivall, Craigie and others have labored for over half a century and which is now almost complete. When the final pages of that extraordinary work are issued (probably this fall) we shall have in it an authority for the English-speaking peoples such as the French Academy is for the French people. The smaller volume has all the authority of the greater work, but has been especially prepared for American use by two distinguished American scholars — Van Santvoord when he was at Yale, and Krapp of Columbia. . . . Well, we yield nothing to Chris Morley's good taste. If he finds pleasure in perusing the pages of the *American edition* of the *Oxford General Catalogue*(11) we shall find equal pleasure in thumbing the pages of this jolly little dictionary.

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) 35 W. 32nd St., New York. (2) $3.00. (3) $1.70. (4) $2.50. (5) $2.50. (6) $2.00. (7) $2.85. (8) Each, 50c. There are 13 now published. (9) $10.00 for the set. (10) $2.00. (11) The new edition will be ready about April 30.

Points of View

Leviathan Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I am almost in despair of finding the right approach to write of Whaling North and South, by F. V. Morley and J. S. Hodgson. What can be said of Leviathan that Messrs. Morley and Hodgson have overlooked? In one chapter of exceptional merit Mr. Morley has written an apotheosis of the sea monster, drawing his text from many rare sources: one might hazard a remark that there are few subjects on which such authorities as Juba, King of Numidia, or Jorath the Chaldean might be quoted—as overweight to Aristotle and Plutarch, Martin Luther, and William Blake. It is true that King Juba is merely quoted in connection with the legend of a whale *six hundred feet* long, but this "fisherman's tale" is rounded out by the brief of Olaus Magnus who "increased these figures half as much again in talking of his 'hirsute' whales. To such stories the Magi added details until the whale was fitted out with as much superstructure as an ocean liner, and even had accommodation (one class) for passengers within." Jorath, kindly Jorath the Chaldean, endows his monster with character, and his remarks are worthy of an excerpt.

> When hungry . . . the whale opens his mouth and emits a fragrant odor like amber; and other fish, attracted and delighted thereby, swim into its mouth and down its throat, and digest and are digested in the cavernous stomach with never a pang. On some occasions the whale uses this pleasant breath to save and protect little fish instead of embalming them within himself. When a wicked and venomous kind of sea-serpent glides through the dusky waves by night, all tiny fishes take refuge behind the whale, who then repels the fetid odor of the newcomer by the sweetness of his own effusion.

Truly an ingenious explanation, compound of known characteristics, but no more sweetly sensational than many "nature" stories of today.

While Mr. Morley dallies (and not overlong, for Chapter II, Legend and Myth, is all too short for this reader) with the whale of mystery and antiquity, he has marshalled facts enough in his arresting chapter devoted to the whale of science. Leviathan is here completely classified, from the sei to the blue whale. As beseems a dissertation upon denizens of the deep, weight is expressed in terms of tons and speed in "knots" is spoken of; on page 46, the blue whale of one hundred and ten feet—or even more, and of over one hundred tons, is referred to as a "battle cruiser." The "gigantic clown of the seas," the humpback whale has a section all to himself. (Would he be the "super submarine" of the fleet?).

> He is the playful whale who mightily frightened the crew of the pinesse *Serchthrift* as they sought the river of Ob. His antics and his sportiveness have made him famous. The humpback is short (say, forty-five to fifty feet), strong, adventurous, and curious. His ungainly form, his large flippers whose span nearly equals his length, produce an effect of ponderous clownishness, very different from the slim elegance of the rorquals. His face is nobbled with bumps and abrasions. If one reads his bumps rightly, he has something of Falstaff's temperament. His eyes, ears, nose, are, as in all whales, expressionless; but his mouth expresses individuality. As he swims, his arms gesture like those of a fat French host. He is fond of grubbing on the sea's floor. At the sound of a whaler, he is likely to approach, playing and gambolling. He is tame and refuses to learn better.

I shall look out for him on my next voyage. I feel sure that it is he whom we see in about 45 North and 50 West, a rare shiny fellow who almost lists the ship with the weight of eyes a-watching him at his tricks.

From the viewpoint of one who has grained dolphin and bonito and harpooned porpoise (with indifferent success) from the flying boom of a clipper ship, the tale of the harpoon gun, the swift killing, the flensing stage, and the gulls dipping in the drift of blood and fat, seems to bring the butchery of the Chicago stockyards out to sea. For all Mr. Morley's apologia on page 43, one concludes that the only hazard in the chase now remaining is the incidence of heavy weather. Certainly it is a fairly constant hazard in Arctic and Antarctic, but the contest on open sea between man and monster is no longer of an epic character; weapons of precision and whaling vessels as mobile as Leviathan himself have reduced the old hazardous calling to the trade of the butcher, limited only by the activity of the flensing stage and the capacity of the boiling vats.

If Mr. Hodgson is more concerned with the actuality of his whaling experiences than with the personality of the sea monster—that is so much his collaborator's interest—his narrative of operations in the southern seas provides a fitting contrast with Morley's landward experiences in the North. While the northern whalers had longshore establishments, in which to cut up and reduce the carcases to commercial products, the adventurers in the Antarctic steamed their floating "factory" to the whaling grounds and operated in such casual shelter as the rock and ice-bound "ports" afforded. Not the least interesting photographs in the book are those of the ice-cumbered lands of the South. Port Lockroy, the Newmayer channel, Grahamsland, give one the sense of utter desolation that Mr. Hodgson's prose suggests.

> . . . we sighted the South Shetland Island, which from my point of view did not look at all inviting. These are little more than jagged rocks, ice and snow covered, rising out of the sea and offering small hospitality in the way of harborage. No vegetation of any kind can be seen, only turbulent sea and ice-covered rock. I can imagine Sir Francis. Drake's feelings when he sailed these seas in search of the Southern Continent, for this was certainly no land flowing with milk or honey; not land to seek, but rather land to avoid. There are no lighthouses to guide one in the very inadequately charted seas, and plenty of opportunity for disaster, with no likelihood of aid or rescue.

In such a lonely "port" the *Southern Queen*, "factory" ship, was moored and our author sets off in the *Southern Maid* to win harvest in the icy seas surrounding. . . . "*Da-er-blaast*," calls the lookout aloft, and the chase is on.

> As I watched, the great beast suddenly came up to the surface only about twenty yards from our bow, and traveling with an easy lazy motion aslant and away from us. Andersen crouched behind his gun, and for a moment an eery silence seemed to reign. The engine stopped throbbing, and still Andersen did not fire, and the whale sank down below the surface. In my ignorance I thought of a beautiful opportunity missed, but in a space of seconds up came the whale again, and still nearer. Again Andersen crouched, and everything seemed to stop still. Then with the roar of the gun a cloud of smoke hid the bow and whale from view. . . . With incredible strength the whale went ahead, towing the *Southern Maid* after it. . . . A second harpoon was immediately effective; and then followed the usual process of pumping the carcass up with air, making it fast to the bows, and so away.

In such a record of whale killings, of blowing up and mooring the carcases to top staff and sea mark—*and loading the gun afresh*, it is heartening to read a minor passage.

> I am of opinion that there are a large number of whales in the Antarctic that will never be caught, as they have had their initiation into the playful intentions of mankind and are very loath to repeat the experience.

The photographs with which the book is profusely illustrated are extraordinarily good. No phase of modern whaling operations has been overlooked by the ubiquitous co-authors and cameramen. The frontispiece, "Shooting a blue whale, as viewed from the masthead," could hardly be matched as an example of perfect snap-shotting.

DAVID BONE.

Glasgow.

Of Which

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

It seems that most of the contributors to your columns are afraid to break that ancient rule which warns all sophomores in English never to end a sentence with a preposition. I see *of which* scattered all through your pages, and notice that even Carl Van Doren in his review of "Elmer Gantry" says, "Surely this is not high ground on which to fight." This is the way the pedagogues say to express this thought, because the sentence does not break away from that iron-clad rule, probably inherited from the Latin, which makes *of* at the end of a sentence as heinous offence as "I seen." What is the use of such a rule? Does it make the language more euphonious? I doubt it. Does it make it more forceful? In reply to this question I must say that I believe it makes the sentence in which the rule is followed fifty per cent less effective. Doesn't "Surely this is not high ground to fight on," sound better?

I notice that almost all the editors of the daily newspapers in this section of the country like to use *of which*, and I also notice that practically all of them forget to put *the* before *Reverend*. Mr. Mencken, whom few will accuse of being a poor writer, doesn't mind ending a sentence with a preposition; I don't see why the other critics should.

JULIUS MIMS

Spartanburg, S. C.

H. G. WELLS
1866—

He was born in Bromley, Kent—the son of a shop-keeper with a passion for cricket.

At thirteen, he worked at a chemist's, but was "too clever by half," and longed for a fine education.

With the aid of grants and scholarships, he worked his way to the Normal School of Science in London. Later he became a student under Huxley.

It was during a long illness that he turned to writing as a profession.

First came short articles and criticisms; then the Scientific Romances, starting with "The Time Machine."

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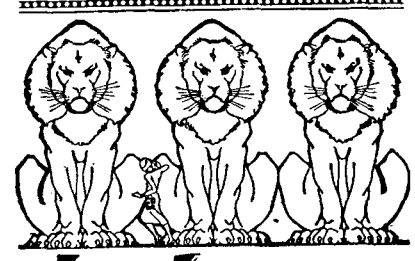

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF BRAISLIN LIBRARY

PART I of the library of Dr. William C. Braislin, of Brooklyn, consisting mainly of Americana, including books, pamphlets, maps, and broadsides relating to the early voyages to America, the history of the west, rare Indian captivities, tales of the pioneers, and other periods of American history, was sold at the Anderson Galleries March 21 and 22, 1,107 lots bringing $24,640. The four sessions were well attended and good prices were realized.

A few representative lots and the prices which they brought were as follows:

Adams (John Capen). "Life of J. C. Adams, known as Old Grizzly Adams," etc., 16mo, colored wrappers, New York, 1860. Excessively rare story of overland adventure. $220.

American Periodical. *Niles's Weekly Register*, September 7, 1811, to June 27, 1849, 75 vols. bound in 56, including indexes, Baltimore and Philadelphia, 1811-49. Important for checking up early expeditions. $305.

Beck (Lewis C.). "Gazetteer of the States of Illinois and Missouri," etc., 8vo, original boards, Albany, 1823. $210.

Smith (William). "An Historical Account of the Expedition against the Ohio Indians, in the year 1764, under the Command of Henry Bouquet," etc., small 4to, original blue wrappers, Philadelphia, 1765. First edition in the original state. $320.

Champlain (Samuel de). "Les Voyages de la Nouvelle France, Occidentale, dicte Canada," etc., 4to, morocco, Paris, 1632. Rare and only complete edition. $570.

Cooper (William). "A Guide to the Wilderness," etc., 8vo, original blue wrappers, Dublin, 1810. Only five copies known. $275.

Crakes (Sylvester, Jr.). "Five Years a Captive Among the Blackfeet Indians," etc., 12mo, cloth, Columbus, 1858. First edition of a rare Indian captivity. $155.

Dawson (T. F.) and Skiff (J. F. V.). "The Ute War," etc., 8vo, wrappers, Denver, 1879. Almost unknown Indian captivity. $345.

Disturnell (J.). "The Emigrant's Guide to New Mexico, California and Oregon," 16mo, wrappers, New York, 1849. Rare overland guide. $350.

Duniway (Abigail J.). "Captain Gray's Company; or, Crossing the Plains and Living in Oregon," 12mo, original cloth, Portland, Oreg., 1859. Rare. $160.

Eastin (L. J.). "Emigrant's Guide to Pike's Peak," with map, 8 pp., large folio, Leavenworth, 1859. Believed to be unique. $525.

Hakluyt Society Publications, First series complete, 100 vols.; Second Series, 40 vols., together 142 vols., 8vo, cloth, London, 1847-1919. Many volumes long out of print. $725.

James (Gen. Thomas). "Three Years Among the Indians and Mexicans," 8vo, boards, Waterloo, III., 1846. One of three known copies. $500.

FAMOUS MUSICAL MSS.

RICHARD WAGNER'S original score and libretto of "Das Rheingold," written entirely in pencil as a first orchestral draft, hitherto believed to have been lost, has come to light in this city, the property of Kurt Lehman, whose collection is well known, and will be sold at the American Art Galleries, April 26. There is not known to be another Wagner opera manuscript in this country, the only existing ones being in the museums at Munich and Nuremberg.

Wagner began writing this famous score in the spring of 1853 in Spezia, Italy. Here he conceived his idea for the opera, and wrote the first few strains for the score. An entire year was spent in completing the work, and on May 28, 1854, it was produced. It proved to be the first of his famous tetralogy, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and is signed and dated on the last page, "R. W., 28 Mai, 1854." There are about 3,000 measures and approximately 8,000 words written in pencil on both sides of 186 leaves, fourteen of which are fourteen full folio sheets and 172 half-size sheets.

Ludwig II, the "Mad King of Bavaria," expressed a desire to own the manuscript, having been Wagner's chief benefactor, supplying him with funds out of the state treasury. Wagner asked that other benefactor, Mathilda, wife of Otto Wesendonk, to send him a "clean" or recopied script as part compensation for his benefactions. Ludwig was succeeded by King Otto, on whose death the clean score disappeared, and remains unaccounted for. Wagner was very careless, often misplacing or losing entire scores of his operas, which necessitated a complete recomposition.

This original manuscript, with its many changes, additions, and deletions, showing the development of the opera in Wagner's mind, and the variations from the printed score, was presented by the composer to his friend, Karl Klindworth, whose granddaughter married Wagner's son, Siegfried. He kept it for more than fifty years, but financial stress made it necessary for him to sell it in 1903. This is the manuscript now offered for sale.

In addition to this gem of musical scores, there will be offered for sale twenty-nine autograph letters of Wagner, said to be the finest collection in existence, and an important group of manuscripts by famous composers, including Liszt, Schubert, Beethoven, and Gounod.

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTING

THE current catalogue of James F. Drake, Inc., is devoted to "Autograph Letters and Manuscripts," and in a foreword Mr. Drake says:

"At the present day, autograph collecting has evolved into an art which requires almost, if not quite as great care and discrimination in its selection, as does its counterpart, the collecting of books. Collectors seek for interesting contents, the mention of literary people, the writer quoting his own works, the person to whom the letter is addressed, etc. These are all 'autographic points.' True enthusiasts are not content with mere signatures of notables to paste into their albums, of course excepting such signatures as a full signature of 'Abraham Lincoln,' 'Thomas Woodrow Wilson,' and a few others. At last the autograph has come into its own and new collectors are vieing with each other for the possession of the not long available treasures."

Another important purchase made by the Italian government is an excessively rare early edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," containing explanatory notes written by Christoforo Landino, and printed in Venice on November 18, 1491, from the press of Pietro Gremonese, called Veronese. Similar old specimens of Dante's works are to be found in several state libraries in Italy, but the new acquisition has a unique feature that gives it special importance. This old copy is richly decorated with miniature designs and other illustrations drawn by a monk named Pietro da Feghino, who thus added a pictorial commentary to the literary comments prepared by Landino. The book was bought last year by Hoepli, an Italian rare book dealer, at a Paris auction and has finally been sold to the Italian government for 160,000.

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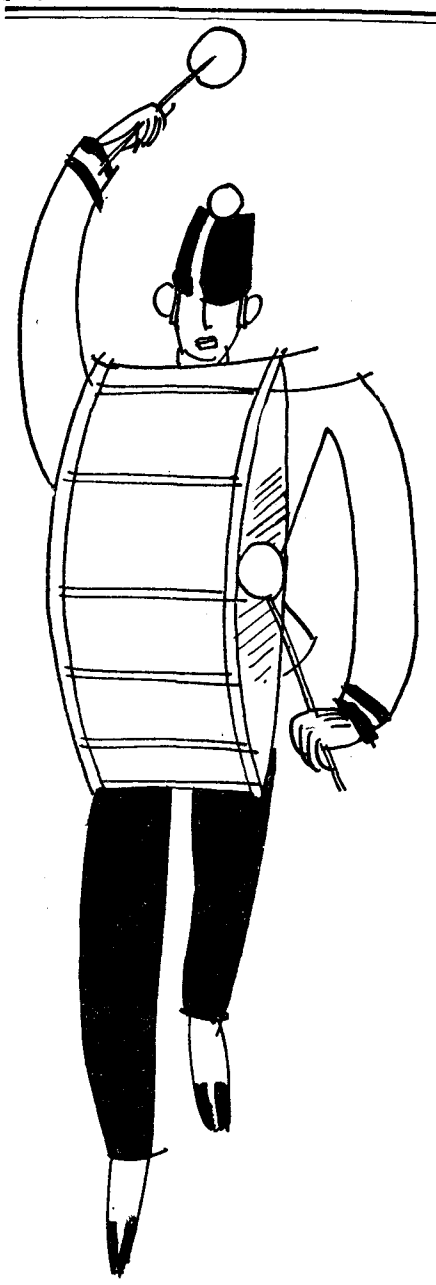

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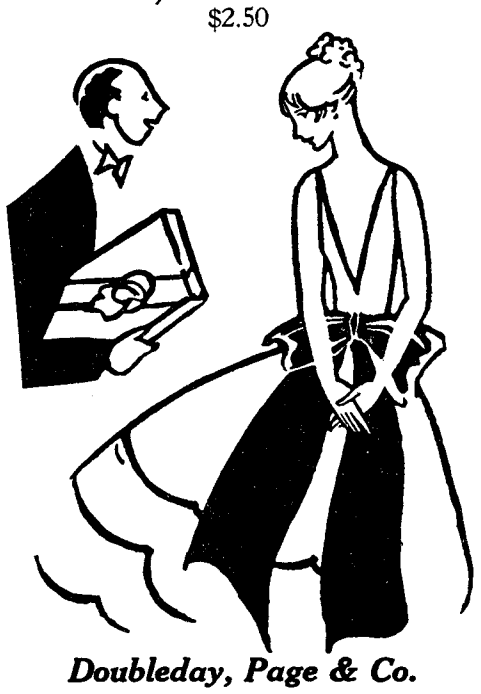

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The Phoenix Nest

FEROCIOUS SONNET NUMBER

WE are chiefly indebted to Mr. *Leonard Doughty* of Austin, Texas, for the sinews of war wherewith to compose this special number. Taking up the gage gallantly, Mr. Doughty has ransacked the masters of an elder day and also his own literary larder. But before we present to you certain of Mr. Doughty's choices we wish to record two sonnets from *Kenneth Slade Alling*, written in answer to our request to contribute, and a few others from other generous hands. Here, first of all, is Mr. Alling's quota:

I

Ferocity is lairéd deeper than
The power of ephemeral evoking;
I'd like to send to you, Phœnician,
A sonnet that was savage, fairly smoking.
But the machinery of my mood today
Is lubricated with petroleum jelly.
And you will pardon me that I must say
I have no fire and brimstone in my belly.

And yet I own a leaning toward the lashers;
All those who will incisively berate
Man's solemn asininities; fierce smashers
Of tall pretense and ignorance grown great.
We need their bitterness, their lifted maces,
The aureate anger burning in thier faces.

II

I am disintegrating hourly; I
Am reassembling hourly too and this,
With chaos and a cosmos standing by
In topsy-turvy metamorphosis,
Makes of my moods a gnarléd heaven leading
To darkness down those stairs of awful light.
This action is continually proceeding
Like night to day and naked day to night.

My solace is oblivion; no peace;
No vivid leisure and no burning quiet;
Only oblivion and full release
From terrible incessant inner riot.
Just to be nothing; freed from the contending
Bone, flesh; brain, soul—Promethean vultures' rending.

Here, next, are two sonnets sent us by Elinor Wylie, two sonnets written at the age of twenty-four and never before given to the public:

THE KNIGHT FALLEN ON EVIL DAYS

God send the Devil is a gentleman,
Else had I none amongst mine Enemies!
O what uncouth and cruel times are these
In which the unlettered Boor and Artisan,
The snarling Priest and smirking Lawyer can
Spit filthy enmity at whom they please—
At one, returned from spilling overseas
The Princely blood of foes Olympian.

Apothecaries curse me, who of late
Was cursed by Kings for slaughtering French lords!
Friendless and loverless is my estate,
Yet God be praised that Hell at least affords
An adversary worthy of my hate,
With whom the Angels deigned to measure swords!

WRITTEN ON THE FLYLEAF OF JOHN WEBSTER'S PLAYS

Having so long walked hand in hand with Hell
I find these gentry little less than kin;
I speak their sulphurous language; we begin
Straightway to cap each other's jests, and tell
Fantastical adventures which befell
At midnight, some eccentric court within—
Where fiery anger plotted with pale sin—
Crime's sanctuary, murder's citadel.

Fouler the cruelties which desecrate
These later days, to poison heart and mind,
And strangle, with the bloody hand of Hate,
The thrice-stabbed soul; from such I turn to find
The black Calabrian comrade in my fate,
And Corombona, as a sister, kind.

And an anonymous New Yorker waxes frienziedly ferocious in the following:

Who is this God that sits up in the clouds,
This mangy whiskered derelict of faith?
That every Sunday idiotic crowds
Bestorm the churches, worshipping a wraith?
His ten commandments spoiled a perfect world,
And left the people only work to do;
Their minds around a vague idea curled,
And souls all curdled in a sickening goo!

This world does not need God; this world needs love.
All folk should spend their Sundays making it:
For happiness with love goes hand in glove,
And God upon this world just doesn't fit.
Let's give this God the bounce, and send him off,
So that we will not waste our breath to scoff!

Dorothy Burgess, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, calls our attention to a sonnet of hers which originally appeared in *The Measure*. It is entitled

ALIEN

I have a canopied bed to lay me in,
A dressing-table, valanced in stiff chintz,
My walls are nearly bare. A few pale prints
And queer daguerrotypes, ugly as sin,
Confront me. One has a frost-bitten grin,
One is malevolent, one dourly squints.
Two chairs are painted, straight and hard as flints.
A mirror contorts my face and pulls my skin.

Take me away where no one and nothing is old,
Where something lives other than ancestors,
Where cold is not this long New England cold,
Where, opening out, as well as in, the doors
Do not clutch ruins, where hands do not fold
Meekly upon a lie the heart abhors.

And now to Mr. Doughty. First, he calls our attention to two little-remembered sonnets by Leigh Hunt. They are

TO A FISH

(The man speaks)

You strange, astonish'd-looking, angle-faced,
Dreary-mouthed, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced,
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste;
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—
Some round, some flat, some long, all deviltry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste;
O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is't ye do? what life lead? eh, dull goggles?
How do ye vary your dull days and nights?
How pass your Sundays Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

(The fish replies)

Amazing monster! that, for aught I know,
With the first sight of thee didst make our race
Forever stare! O flat and shocking face,
Grimly divided from the breast below!
Thou that on dry land horribly dost go
With a split body and most ridiculous pace,
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
Long-useless-finned, hair'd, upright, unwet, slow!
O breather of unbreathable, sword sharp air,
How canst exist? How bear thyself, thou dry
And dreary sloth? What particle canst share
Of the only blessed life, the watery?
I sometimes see of ye an actual pair
Go by! link'd fin by fin! most odiously.

He also acquaints us with Bayard Taylor's "A President," from the Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor (Houghton Mifflin: Household Edition):

A PRESIDENT

Thou, whom the slave-lords with contemptuous feet
Spurned in their double insult—taunting thee,
As born of Labor and of Poverty,
With scorn in thin abasement most unmeet,
How dost thou find their false embraces sweet!
How, so insanely blind, thou can'st not see
What shameless scoffs in their applauses be?
So took the drunken slave, in Roman street,
The homage of his master's mocking mirth:
And thou, who mightst have lifted up thy race,
Dost rather take from Toil its dignity,
And unto ignorance addest fresh disgrace.
But we shall sweep that system from the earth
Which gave us Treason, war, and lastly—thee!

And so space compels us to end, though we should like to have included a sonnet or two of Mr. Doughty's own. However, we shall follow this up with a Ferocious Sonnet Sequel some time this summer, and then he will emerge in his own person.

And so, with anathema maranatha,—but mitigated, mitigated!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
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The talk turned the other night to celebrities—the luminous names that are sweeping the country. Our Little Group voted these as the leaders for March:

Deems Taylor
Edna St. Vincent Millay
Sinclair Lewis
Roxy

By a caprice of circumstance all four of these names were involved this week in *Simon and Schuster* machinations.

A thirty-two page selection of *Edna St. Vincent Millay's* most representative verse will shortly be released in our Spring series of *Pamphlet Poets*, thanks to the generous co-operation of *Miss Millay* and her publishers, *Harper & Brothers*. Thus far, *Carl Sandburg* has been the best seller of the *Pamphlet Poets*, our twenty-five cent reprints aimed to reach "the audience interminable" of which *Walt Whitman* spoke. *Elinor Wylie* and *Nathalie Crane* are not far behind.

Deems Taylor, between operas, has just begun research work for his *magnum opus* in prose, *The Story of Music*—which will do in the field of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, what *Will Durant* has done in the realm of Socrates and Santayana. Without the fanfare and the Kleig lights, the *Deems Taylor* contract was solemnly signed in our sanctum sanctorum last Wednesday night.

Amid the tumult of *Elmer Gantry* reviews, *Sinclair Lewis* found time to release a rock-shivering salvo for *The Theatre of George Jean Nathan*, by *Isaac Goldberg*: "It is a treasury."

Before opening "The Cathedral of the Motion Picture" *Roxy* rose to utter A Few Appropriate Remarks in praise of *Sigmund Spaeth's* new book of burlesques, *Words and Music:* "I freely admit that one of my few applause letters went to *Sig Spaeth* for these convulsing parodies."

Roxy, by the way, got his first job on Broadway, at the Rialto Theatre, from *Terry Ramsaye*, author of *A Million And One Nights—The History of the Motion Picture.*

Sidney (*Sid*) *Lenz*, the world's greatest bridge player (according to Messrs. *Work*, *Whitehead*, *Shepard*, et al.) has been slightly delayed in the completion of his forthcoming work, *Lenz on Contract Bridge*. Reason: *Cross Word Puzzle Book Number Seven*, edited by the *Hartswick-Buranelli-Petherbridge* forces, has just come out. (Now well along in the second million.) *Lenz* dipped into the Venus-pencil-equipped volume at the Knickerbocker Whist Club Wednesday night and found himself enchanted by Puzzle Number 302 on Page 15. The "champion of champions" holds 554 medals, cups, and other trophies for bridge triumphs, but it took him 15 minutes and 58 seconds flat to conquer this puzzle. Meantime the official rules of contract bridge are given free with each copy of the first book, *Lenz on Bridge*.

Next week we shall print the solving time of other celebrities who still find the cross words their favorite enemy of ennui.

—ESSANDESS

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